

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY




EDITED BY
FRANCIS W. HALSEY

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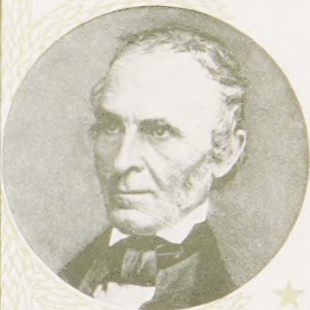




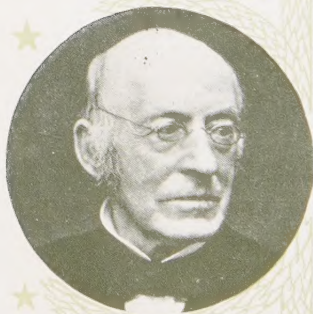
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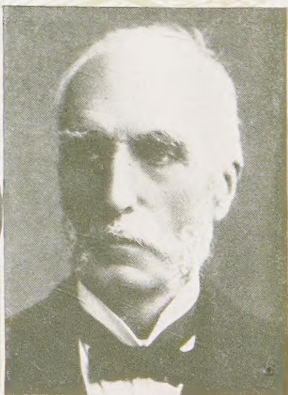
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GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

DESCRIBED BY FAMOUS WRITERS
FROM COLUMBUS TO ROOSEVELT

Edited, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes

By **FRANCIS W. HALSEY**

Associate Editor of "The World's Famous Orations"; Associate Editor of "The Best of the World's Classics"; author of "The Old New York Frontier," etc.

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PATRONS' EDITION. IN TEN VOLUMES
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Vol. VI
THE JACKSONIAN PERIOD
1828—1840

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INTRODUCTION

(The Jacksonian Period.)

Jackson was first elected President in 1828, but the period in our history so closely associated with his name virtually began four years earlier, when Adams, with fewer electoral votes, secured the office. This large vote for Jackson in 1824 and his splendid triumph in 1828 testified in the strongest way to the great change that had come over the country since the War of 1812. The building of roads and canals, and the use of steam for navigation on great rivers and lakes, had opened up the western country until it acquired great national importance. It was this western country that gave to Jackson his preponderance over Adams in 1824, and made easy his election in 1828. Moreover, it was this section which in 1832 greatly helped to secure for Jackson his 154 electoral votes and a popular majority of 157,000.

A new era had, in fact, dawned upon the whole country. Henceforth the people in the mass rather than a group of trained and socially superior men,

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of whom John Quincy Adams was the last, were to rule the country. In Jackson's election the so-called aristocracy was overthrown and democracy pure and simple came into power. Of this new force in public life Jackson was the ideal. Strong of head, true of heart, perfectly honest, but thoroughly personal, partizan and aggressive, he enabled the people to realize in him a personification of their own most obvious characteristics. His election marked a revolution. That revolution was popular and its influence long endured.

The new industrial era that began in his time—the era of canals, farm machinery, steamboats, railroads and ocean steamships—not only sent population westward, but linked States together in an industrial union leading to a new realization of what nationality meant. In Jackson's time the tariff first came forward as a great national issue. Even when it became a "tariff of abominations" and led to nullification, Jackson's success in putting down nullification tended still further to promote sentiments of national unity.

So in the war on the United States Bank. That institution had unquestionably become unpopular, as being not in accord with current Democratic

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ideas and customs. Moreover, it had been used for political purposes; it checked the operation of State banks, favored individuals, and there had been gross errors in its management. With all the good he thus did, historians no longer disagree as to some of the injurious effects of Jackson's war on the Bank. The Bank ought to have been destroyed—that is generally accepted; in fact, the harm it already had done would have seriously increased in another generation, because of the great industrial development then starting up throughout the whole country and the opportunities the Bank would have had to participate in it. Jackson's methods, however, provided no check to the wilcat speculation which set in almost at once—long before his second administration came to a close.

The country was now entirely free from debt, and had acquired a surplus, but this surplus, by act of Congress, was distributed among the States, the amount in three quarterly payments reaching \$28,000,000, which was a great sum for that day. A multiplication of banks of issue ensued all over the country. States were easily prevailed upon to grant charters without exercising judgment and almost without any kind of supervision or con-

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a ton of freight from Albany to Buffalo while, after the canal got into complete operation, tolls fell to \$6.50 per ton. To the year 1831 belongs the invention of the farmer's reaper. Inventions of all kinds, in fact, were numerous in those Jacksonian years—so numerous that in 1836 a patent office had to be created by the Government as a separate bureau.

By these and other means characteristic of the Jacksonian period, the new country, from a group of colonies recently formed into States, and struggling somewhat blindly to weld themselves into a compact and aggressive nationality, had actually transformed themselves into an imperial union of States, intensely proud of their achievements and possessed of boundless faith in their future. It was not the hard times following 1837 that now loomed darkest on the horizon, but those portentous events of the next generation, so soon to be foreshadowed in the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave Law, "squatter sovereignty," the Dred Scott decision, and the election of Lincoln.

F. W. H. .

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THE JACKSONIAN PERIOD
1828-1840

JACKSON'S FIRST ELECTION AS PRESIDENT

(1828)

BY JAMES PARTON¹

The presidential campaign of 1824 was the most instructive one that ever occurred, because it was as the most exclusively personal. But it was not without being the least exciting. The long lull in the political firmament had given every one a foretaste for a renewal of the old excitements, and there was everywhere an eager buzz of preparation. During the last three years of Mr. Monroe's second term the great topic of conversation throughout the country was, Who shall be our next President?

Five candidates were frequently mentioned, each of whom had devoted partisans: William H. Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury; James Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War; Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives; De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York—all strong, able, and popular men. But the name of Jackson had never before been presented to the nation by the Legislature of Tennessee than it was discovered that his popularity was about to render him a most formidable competitor. To promote his Presidential

From Parton's "Life of Jackson." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company. Copyright, 1892.

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tial prospects his friends caused him to be elected to the Senate of the United States. Pennsylvania soon seconded his nomination, and most of the Southern States showed a strong inclination to support him. Mr. Calhoun withdrew his own name in favor of the victor of New Orleans, and consented to stand for the Vice-Presidency. The prospects of General Jackson were further improved by Mr. Crawford being stricken with paralysis, which totally prostrated him, and, in effect, narrowed the contest to Adams and Jackson.

John C. Calhoun was elected Vice-President by a great majority. He received 182 electoral votes out of 261. All New England voted for him except Connecticut and one electoral district of New Hampshire. General Jackson received thirteen electoral votes for the Vice-Presidency, and was the choice of two entire States for that office—Connecticut and Missouri.

Mr. Adams was the choice of seven States, General Jackson of eleven States, Mr. Clay of three States, Mr. Crawford of three States. Still no majority. The population of the United States in 1820 was about nine and a half millions. The population of the three States which gave a majority for Mr. Clay was 1,212,337. The population of the three States which preferred Mr. Crawford was 1,497,029. The population of the seven States which gave a majority for Mr. Adams was 3,032,766. The population of the eleven States which voted for General Jackson was 3,757,756. It thus appears that General Jackson received more electoral votes, the vote of more States, and the votes of more people, than any other candidate. Add to these facts that General Jackson was the

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second choice of Kentucky, Missouri, and Georgia, and it must be admitted that he came nearer being elected by the people than any other candidate. He was, moreover, a gaining candidate; every month added to his strength.

The result was not known in all its details when the time came for Senator Jackson to begin his journey to Washington in the fall of 1824. That he was confident, however, of being the successful candidate was indicated by Mrs. Jackson's accompanying him to the seat of government. They traveled in their own coach-and-four, I believe, on this occasion. The opposition papers, at least, said so, and descanted upon the fact as an evidence of aristocratic pretensions; considering it anti-democratic to employ four horses to draw a load that four horses sometimes could not tug a mile an hour, and were a month in getting to Washington.

The people having failed to elect a President, it devolved upon the House of Representatives, voting by States, each State having one vote to elect one from the three candidates who had received the highest number of electoral votes. A majority of States being necessary to an election, some one candidate had to secure the vote of thirteen States. The great question was to be decided on the 9th of February, 1825.

The result, when announced by the tellers, surprised almost every one—surprized many of the best-informed politicians who heard it. Upon the first ballot, Mr. Adams received the vote of thirteen States, which was a majority. Maryland and Illinois, which had given popular majorities for Jackson, voted for Adams. Kentucky, Ohio, and

Missouri, which had given popular majorities for Clay, voted for Adams. Crawford received the vote of four States—Delaware, North Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. General Jackson, for whom eleven States had given an electoral majority, received the vote of but seven States in the House.

Was General Jackson, indeed, so heartily acquiescent in his defeat as he seemed to be? He was disappointed and indignant, believing that he had been defrauded of the presidency by a corrupt bargain between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay. In this belief General Jackson lived and died. His partizans took up the cry, and made it the chief ground of opposition to Mr. Adams's administration.

General Jackson was renominated for the Presidency by the Legislature of Tennessee before Mr. Adams had served one year. The general resigned his seat in the Senate, and entered heartily into the schemes of his friends. His popularity, great as it was before, seemed vastly increased by his late defeat, and by the belief, industriously promulgated, that he had been cheated of the office to which the people desired to elevate him.

The campaign of 1828 opened with a stunning flourish of trumpets. Louisiana, like New York, was a doubtful and troublesome State. In 1827 the Legislature of Louisiana, which had refused to recognize General Jackson's services in 1815, invited him to revisit New Orleans, and unite with it in the celebration of the 8th of January, 1828, on the scene of his great victory.

The reception of General Jackson at New Orleans on this occasion was, I presume, the most stupendous thing of the kind that had ever oc-

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curred in the United States. Delegations from States as distant as New York were sent to New Orleans to swell the *éclat* of the demonstration. "The morning of the auspicious day," wrote an eye-witness, "dawned upon New Orleans. A thick mist covered the water and the land, and at ten o'clock began to rise into clouds; and when the sun at last appeared, it served only to show the darkness of the horizon threatening a storm in the north. It was at that moment the city became visible, with its steeples, and the forest of masts rising from the waters. At that instant, too, a fleet of steamboats was seen advancing toward the *Pocahontas*, which had now got under way, with twenty-four flags waving over her lofty decks. Two stupendous boats, lasht together, led the van. The whole fleet kept up a constant fire of artillery, which was answered from several ships in the harbor and from the shore. General Jackson stood on the back gallery of the *Pocahontas*, his head uncovered, conspicuous to the whole multitude, which literally covered the steamboats, the shipping, and the surrounding shores. The van which bore the Revolutionary soldiers and the remnant of the old Orleans Battalion passed the *Pocahontas*, and, rounding to, fell down the stream, while acclamations of thousands of spectators rang from the river to the woods and back to the river.

"In this order the fleet, consisting of eighteen steamboats of the first class, passed close to the city, directing their course toward the field of battle. When it was first descried, some horsemen only, the marshals of the day, had reached the ground; but in a few minutes it seemed alive with a vast multitude, brought thither on horseback and

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in carriages, and poured forth from the steam-boats. A line was formed by Generals Planché and Labaltat, and the committee repaired on board the *Pocahontas*, in order to invite the general to land and meet his brother soldiers and fellow citizens. I have no words to describe the scene which ensued." The festivities continued four days, at the expiration of which the general and his friends reembarked on board the *Pocahontas* and returned homeward.

The campaign now set in with its usual severity. General Jackson was accused of every crime, offense, and impropriety that man was ever known to be guilty of. His whole life was subject to the severest scrutiny. Every one of his duels, fights, and quarrels was narrated at length. His connection with Aaron Burr² was, of course, a favorite theme. The military executions which he had ordered were all recounted. John Binns, of Philadelphia, issued a series of handbills, each bearing the outline of a coffin-lid, upon which was printed an inscription recording the death of one of these victims. Campaign papers were first started this year. One, entitled *We the People*, and another, called *The Anti-Jackson Expositor*, were particularly prominent. The conduct of General Jackson in Florida during his governorship of that Territory was detailed.

The number of electoral votes in 1828 was two hundred and sixty-one. One hundred and thirty-

² A reference to Jackson's supposed connection with Burr's conspiracy, widely believed at the time, but Parton, Jackson's biographer, declares, "There was not the slightest ground for such a belief," adding, "Nothing can be more complete than the chain of testimony that establishes his innocence."

JACKSON'S FIRST ELECTION

one was a majority. General Jackson received one hundred and seventy-eight; Mr. Adams, eighty-three. In all Tennessee, Adams and Rush obtained less than three thousand votes. In many towns every vote was cast for Jackson and Calhoun.

A distinguished member of the North Carolina Legislature told me that he happened to enter a Tennessee village in the evening of the last day of the Presidential election of 1828. He found the whole male population out hunting, the object of the chase being two of their fellow citizens. He inquired by what crime these men had rendered themselves so obnoxious to their neighbors, and was informed that they had voted against General Jackson! The village, it appeared, had set its heart upon sending up a unanimous vote for the general, and these two voters had frustrated its desire. As the day wore on, the whisky flowed more and more freely, and the result was a universal chase after the two voters, with a view to tarring and feathering them. They fled to the woods, however, and were not taken.

The news of General Jackson's election to the Presidency, I was informed by Major Lewis, created no great sensation at the Hermitage, so certain beforehand were its inmates of a result in accordance with their desires. Mrs. Jackson quietly said: "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake, I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it."

The people of Nashville, greatly elated by the success of their general, resolved to celebrate it in the way in which they had long been accustomed to celebrate every important event in his career. A banquet unparalleled should be given in honor of

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his last triumph. The day appointed for this affair was the 23d of December, the anniversary of the night battle below New Orleans. General Jackson accepted the invitation to be present. Certain ladies of Nashville, meanwhile, were secretly preparing for Mrs. Jackson a magnificent wardrobe, suitable, as they thought, for the adornment of her person when, as mistress of the White House, she would be deemed the first lady in the nation. She was destined never to wear those splendid garments.

For four or five years the health of Mrs. Jackson had been precarious. She had complained occasionally of an uneasy feeling about the region of the heart; and, during the late excitements, she had been subject to sharper pains and palpitation. She died December 22d, late in the evening. Her husband was shocked and grieved beyond expression. It was long, as I was assured by her favorite servant Hannah, before he would believe that she had really breathed her last.

The sad news reached Nashville early on the morning of the 23d, when already the committee of arrangements were busied with the preparations for the general's reception. "The table was well-nigh spread," said one of the papers, "at which all was expected to be hilarity and joy, and our citizens had sallied forth on the morning with spirits light and buoyant, and countenances glowing with animation and hope, when suddenly the scene is changed: congratulations are turned into expressions of condolence, tears are substituted for smiles, and sincere and general mourning pervades the community."

General Jackson never recovered from the shock

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of his wife's death. He was never quite the same man afterward. It subdued his spirit and corrected his speech. Except on occasions of extreme excitement, few and far between, he never again used what is commonly called "profane language," not even the familiar phrase, "By the Eternal." There were times, of course, when his fiery passions asserted themselves; when he uttered wrathful words; when he wished even to throw off the robes of office, as he once said, that he might call his enemies to a dear account. But these were rare occurrences. He mourned deeply and ceaselessly the loss of his truest friend, and was often guided in his domestic affairs by what he supposed would have been her will if she had been there to make it known.

THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE, PETER COOPER'S "TOM THUMB"

(1830)

BY JOHN H. B. LATROBE¹

When steam made its appearance on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad it attracted great attention here. But there was this difficulty about introducing an English engine on an American road. An English road was virtually a straight road. An American road had curves sometimes of as small radius as two hundred feet. For a brief season it was believed that this feature of the early American roads would prevent the use of locomotive engines. The contrary was demonstrated by a gentleman still living in an active and ripe old age, honored and beloved, distinguished for his private worth and for his public benefactions; one of those to whom wealth seems to have been

¹ From Latrobe's "Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—Personal Recollections." Latrobe became connected with this road when first projected, and retained his connection for half a century. Peter Cooper's locomotive had been preceded on an American track by one built in England, but the English locomotive, when put to trial, could not be operated successfully. This trial was made on a railroad built for transporting coal, and belonging to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. It took place in 1829 at Honesdale, Pa. The locomotive was known as "The Stourbridge Lion."

The first American-built locomotive that made a successful

THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

granted by Providence that men might know how wealth could be used to benefit one's fellow creatures.

The speaker refers to Mr. Peter Cooper² of New York. Mr. Cooper was satisfied that steam might be adapted to the curved roads which he saw would be built in the United States; and he came to Baltimore, which then possessed the only one on which he could experiment, to vindicate his belief. He had another idea, which was, that the crank could be dispensed with in the change from a reciprocating to a rotary motion: and he built an engine to demonstrate both articles of his faith. The machine was not larger than the hand-cars used by workmen to transfer themselves from place to place; and as the speaker now recalls its appearance, the only wonder is that so apparently insignificant a contrivance should ever have been regarded as competent to the smallest results. But Mr. Cooper was wiser than many of the wisest around him. His engine could not have weighed a ton; but he saw in it a principle which the forty-ton engines of to-day have but served to develop and demonstrate.

The boiler of Mr. Cooper's engine was not as large as the kitchen boiler attached to many a range in modern mansions. It was of about the

trip on rails was, therefore, the one described by Mr. Latrobe, and built by Peter Cooper, who was a stockholder in the road. Peter Cooper's locomotive was merely a working model. In actual railway service, the first American-built locomotive put into use was one operated on the South Carolina Railroad, which ran from Charleston to Hamburg, and was called the "Best Friend."

² The American philanthropist, born in New York in 1791, died in 1883; founder of Cooper Union.

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same diameter, but not much more than half as high. It stood upright in the car, and was filled, above the furnace, which occupied the lower section, with vertical tubes. The cylinder was but three and a half inches in diameter, and speed was gotten up by gearing. No natural draft could have been sufficient to keep up steam in so small a boiler; and Mr. Cooper used therefore a blowing apparatus, driven by a drum attached to one of the car wheels, over which passed a cord that in its turn worked a pulley on the shaft of the blower. . . .

Mr. Cooper's success was such as to induce him to try a trip to Ellicott's Mills; and an open car, the first used upon the road, already mentioned, having been attached to his engine, and filled with the directors and some friends, the Speaker among the rest, the first journey by steam in America was commenced. The trip was most interesting. The curves were passed without difficulty at a speed of fifteen miles an hour; the grades were ascended with comparative ease; the day was fine, the company in the highest spirits, and some excited gentlemen of the party pulled out memorandum books, and when at the highest speed, which was eighteen miles an hour, wrote their names and some connected sentences, to prove that even at that great velocity it was possible to do so. The return trip from the Mills—a distance of thirteen miles—was made in fifty-seven minutes. This was in the summer of 1830.

But the triumph of this Tom Thumb engine was not altogether without a drawback. The great stage proprietors of the day were Stockton & Stokes; and on this occasion a gallant gray of

great beauty and power was driven by them from town, attached to another car on the second track—for the company had begun by making two tracks to the Mills—and met the engine at the Relay House on its way back. From this point it was determined to have a race home; and, the start being even, away went horse and engine, the snort of the one and the puff of the other keeping time and time. At first the gray had the best of it, for *his* steam would be applied to the greatest advantage on the instant, while the engine had to wait until the rotation of the wheels set the blower to work. The horse was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the safety-valve of the engine lifted and the thin blue vapor issuing from it showed an excess of steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him—the silk was plied—the race was neck and neck, nose and nose—then the engine passed the horse, and a great hurrah hailed the victory.

But it was not repeated; for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream, and the engine for want of breath began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineman and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel: in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine, and passed it; and altho the band was presently replaced, and steam again did its best, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came

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in the winner of the race. But the real victory was with Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding. He had held fast to the faith that was in him, and had demonstrated its truth beyond the peradventure. All honor to his name. . . .

In the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris there are preserved old cannon, contemporary almost with Crecy and Poitiers. In some great museum of internal improvement, and some such will at some future day be gotten up, Mr. Peter Cooper's boiler³ should hold an equally prominent and far more honored place; for while the old weapons of destruction were ministers of man's wrath, the contrivance we have described was one of the most potential instruments in making available, in America, that vast system which unites remote peoples and promotes that peace on earth and good will to men which angels have proclaimed.⁴

³ Still preserved and occasionally shown at world's fairs, as at Chicago in 1893.

⁴ Of the Mohawk and Hudson road, of 1831, which ran from Albany to Schenectady, Tharlow Weed, in his "Autobiography," says: "In the summer of 1831, the great railway system of America was inaugurated by the completion and opening of two or three short roads. The first steam-car, placed upon the Mohawk and Hudson track, was propelled by a locomotive from the summit of the hill at Albany to the summit of the hill which descends into Schenectady. At either end of the route was a stationary engine, by means of which cars were drawn up and down the inclined plane. But even with these drawbacks, which show how much has been since done to perfect the system, an hour was gained upon the time required by stages between the two cities. The cars were extemporized by placing the body of the stage-coach then in use on a simple four-wheeled platform car."

STEAMBOAT TRAVEL ON INLAND WATERS

(1830—1835)

BY JAMES SCHOULER¹

Transition from paddles and sails to steam-power had been easily made in our coastwise channels and upon the rivers most navigated. On the broad Mississippi the ark and flatboat were long since degraded to the baser purposes of trade, while great floating palaces of 400 to 700 tons steamed proudly past such rude craft on the upward course of which the latter were incapable, each wafting its long mantle of cinders and black smoke behind, its two and even three decks crowded with human beings and all sorts of freight, its wheels lashing the river into white foam on each side, and the steam hissing high in air at every throb of the machinery. Down the river these majestic vessels kept near the middle of the stream so as to take the current; up again, they were steered near shore to avoid it; and at various landings they would stop for firewood, which flatboatmen returning from New Orleans would help load on board in part payment of their passage.

A sham splendor of gilded panels concealed many dangerous defects in the construction and

¹ From Schouler's "History of the United States." By permission of Mr. Schouler, and of his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company. Copyright, 1880-1891.

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arrangement of these vessels; often the only outlet from the men's saloon was through a barroom whose counter was directly over the machinery; a cooking-stove carelessly set up blackened the woodwork with its hot funnel; hole after hole was plugged up in the badly-made boilers, until they were ready to burst to pieces, inflicting some terrible disaster. The shifty, reckless management of steamboats throughout the Southwest, so scanty in skilful mechanics, was already a proverb; of the craft built for the immense and increasing traffic upon the Mississippi and Ohio rivers much was worn out in five years, being made of green wood and hurriedly built, tho often it would take less than half that time to pay from its profits the original cost of the vessel.

Verily, a new era had begun. What a motley crowd was this collected in the vast vapor-propelled arks, to face in common the dangers on these wide and dreary rivers of snags, fire, explosion: women and children of all social conditions isolated in the ladies' cabin; men at the dram counter, coming and going, to tipple into a better mutual acquaintance; tourists, wayfarers, planters, pedlers, speculators, politicians, slave-dealers, whether on business or recreation bent, bunking together in the main saloon; those more humbly quartered singing, dancing, wrestling, reading the Bible, or croning out their tales far into the night, while the pale gamblers sat with the prey in their clutches, pursuing their vampire game long after the cocks in a neighboring cage had crowed the approaching dawn. More refinement and a better regard for life and comfort marked the shorter and gayer steamboat excursions at the East, and

STEAMBOATS ON INLAND WATERS

on our American Rhine, whose Dutch legends Irving has made immortal. Through sound or river, or up the bay in various other directions, the stage journeys were already lessened and distances much abridged between the great Atlantic cities; and passengers from New York to Philadelphia were transferred to some fourteen or more coaches on passing the pier at Amboy, the tickets for the different stages, which were all properly numbered, having been handed about, and the luggage divided and chalked while the steamer was on its course.

NULLIFICATION AND ITS OVERTHROW

(1828—1832)

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT¹

The nullification movement in South Carolina, during the latter part of the third and early part of the fourth decades in the nineteenth century had nothing to do, except in the most distant way, with slavery. Its immediate cause was the high tariff; remotely it sprang from the same feelings which produced the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798.²

Certain of the slave States, including those which raised hemp, indigo, and sugar, were high-tariff States; indeed, it was not till toward the close of the Presidency of Monroe that there had been much sectional feeling over the policy of protection. Originally, while we were a purely agricultural and mercantile people, free trade was the only economic policy which occurred to us as possible to be followed, the first tariff bill being passed in 1816. South Carolina then was inclined

¹ From Roosevelt's "Life of Thomas H. Benton." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright 1886.

² These resolutions, prepared by Thomas Jefferson, declared void what were known as the "Alien and Sedition Laws," and virtually looked toward secession, as did the Nullification movement in South Carolina in the early thirties.

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to favor the system. Calhoun himself supporting the bill, and, his subsequent denials to the contrary notwithstanding, distinctly advocating the policy of protection to native industries; while Massachusetts then and afterward stoutly opposed its introduction as hostile to her interests. However, the bill was passed, and Massachusetts had to submit to its operation.

After 1816 new tariff laws were enacted about every four years, and soon the coast slave States, except Louisiana, realized that their working was hurtful to the interests of the planters. New England also changed her attitude; and when the protective tariff bill of 1828³ came up, its opponents and supporters were sharply divided by sectional lines. But these lines were not such as would have divided the States on the question of slavery. The northeast and northwest alike favored the measure, as also did all the Southern States west of the Alleghanies, and Louisiana. It was therefore passed by an overwhelming vote, against the solid opposition of the belt of Southern coast States stretching from Virginia to Mississippi, and including these two.

The States that felt themselves harmed by the tariff did something more than record their disapproval by the votes of their representatives in Congress. They nearly all, through their legislatures, entered emphatic protest against its adoption, as being most harmful to them and dangerous to the Union; and some accompanied their protests with threats as to what would be done if the obnoxious laws should be enforced.

They certainly had grounds for discontent. In

³ "The Tariff of Abominations," so called.

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1828 the tariff, whether it benefited the country as a whole or not, unquestionably harmed the South; and in a federal Union it is most unwise to pass laws which shall benefit one part of the community to the hurt of another part, when the latter receives no compensation. The truculent and unyielding attitude of the extreme protectionists was irritating in the extreme; for cooler men than the South Carolinians might well have been exasperated at such an utterance as that of Henry Clay, when he stated that for the sake of the "American system"—by which title he was fond of styling a doctrine already ancient in medieval times—he would "defy the South, the President and the devil."

On the other hand, both the good and the evil effects of the tariff were greatly exaggerated. Some harm to the planter States was doubtless caused by it; but their falling back, as compared with the North, in the race for prosperity, was doubtless caused much more by the presence of slavery, as Dallas, of Pennsylvania, pointed out in the course of some very temperate and moderate remarks in the Senate. Clay's assertions as to what the tariff had done for the West were equally ill-founded, as Benton showed in a good speech, wherein he described picturesquely enough the industries and general condition of his portion of the country, and asserted with truth that its revived prosperity was due to its own resources, entirely independent of federal aid or legislation. He said: "I do not think we are indebted to the high tariff for our fertile lands and our navigable rivers; and I am certain we are indebted to these blessings for the prosperity we enjoy." . . .

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It must be admitted that the tariff did some harm to the South, and that it was natural for the latter to feel resentment at the way in which it worked. But it must also be remembered that no law can be passed which does not distribute its benefits more or less unequally, and which does not, in all probability, work harm in some cases. Moreover the South was estopped from complaining of one section being harmed by a law that benefited, or was supposed to benefit, the country at large, by her position in regard to the famous embargo and non-intervention acts. These inflicted infinitely more damage and loss in New England than any tariff law could inflict on South Carolina, and, moreover, were put into execution on account of a quarrel with England forced on by the West and South contrary to the desire of the East. . . .

Complain she did, however; and soon added threats to complaints, and was evidently ready to add acts to threats. Georgia, at first, took the lead in denunciation; but South Carolina soon surpassed her, and finally went to the length of advocating and preparing for separation from the Union; a step that produced a revulsion of feeling even among her fellow anti-tariff States. The South Carolinian statesmen now proclaimed the doctrine of nullification—that is, proclaimed that if any State deemed a Federal law improper, it could proceed to declare that law null and void so far as its own territory was concerned—and, as a corollary, that it had the right forcibly to prevent execution of this void law within its borders.

This was proclaimed, not as an exercise of the right of revolution, which, in the last resort, be-

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longs, of course, to every community and class, but as a constitutional privilege. Jefferson was quoted as the father of the idea, and the Kentucky resolutions of 1798-99, which he drew, were cited as the precedent for the South Carolinian action.

In both these last assertions the Nullifiers were correct. Jefferson was the father of nullification, and therefore of secession. He used the word "nullify" in the original draft which he supplied to the Kentucky Legislature, and tho that body struck it out of the resolutions which they passed in 1789, they inserted it in those of the following year. This was done mainly as an unscrupulous party move on Jefferson's part, and when his side came into power he became a firm upholder of the Union; and, being constitutionally unable to put a proper value on truthfulness, he even denied that his resolutions could be construed to favor nullification—tho they could by no possibility be construed to mean anything else.

At this time it is not necessary to discuss nullification as a constitutional dogma; it is an absurdity too great to demand serious refutation. The United States has the same right to protect itself from death by nullification, secession, or rebellion that a man has to protect himself from death by assassination. Calhoun's hair-splitting and metaphysical disquisitions on the constitutionality of nullification have now little more practical interest than have the extraordinary arguments and discussions of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages.

But at the time they were of vital interest, for they were words which it was known South Carolina was prepared to back up by deeds. Calhoun.

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was Vice-President, the second officer in the Federal Government, and yet also the avowed leader of the most bitter disunionists. His State supported him by an overwhelming majority, altho even within its own borders there was an able opposition, headed by the gallant and loyal family of the Draytons—the same family that afterward furnished the captain of Farragut's flagship, the glorious old *Hartford*. There was a strong sentiment in the other Southern States in his favor; the public men of South Carolina made speech after speech goading him on to take even more advanced ground.

In Washington the current at first seemed to be all setting in favor of the Nullifiers; they even counted on Jackson's support, as he was a Southerner and a States'-rights man. But he was also a strong Unionist, and, moreover, at this time, felt very bitterly toward Calhoun, with whom he had just had a split, and had in consequence remodeled his Cabinet, thrusting out all Calhoun's supporters, and adopting Van Buren as his political heir—the position which it was hitherto supposed the great Carolina separatist occupied.

The first man to take up the gauntlet the Nullifiers had thrown down was Webster, in his famous reply to Hayne.⁴ He, of course, voiced the sentiment of the Whigs, and especially of the north-east, where the high tariff was regarded with peculiar favor, where the Union feeling was strong, and where there was a certain antagonism felt

⁴ Robert Young Hayne, born in South Carolina in 1791, died in 1840. He was Senator from South Carolina from 1823 to 1832, a leader in the Nullification movement, and Governor from 1832 to 1834.

toward the South. The Jacksonian Democrats, whose strength lay in the West, had not yet spoken. They were, for the most part, neither ultra protectionists nor absolute free-traders: Jackson's early presidential utterances had given offense to the South by not condemning all high-tariff legislation, but at the same time had declared in favor of a much more moderate degree of protection than suited the Whigs.

Only a few weeks after Webster's speech Jackson's chance came, and he declared himself in unmistakable terms. It was on the occasion of the Jefferson birthday banquet, April 13, 1830. An effort was then being made to have Jefferson's birthday celebrated annually; and the Nullifiers, rightly claiming him as their first and chief apostle, attempted to turn this particular feast into a demonstration in favor of nullification. Most of the speakers present were actively or passively in favor of the movement, and the toasts proposed strongly savored of the new doctrine. But Jackson, Benton, and a number of other Union men were in attendance also, and when it came to Jackson's turn he electrified the audience by proposing: "Our Federal Union; it must be preserved."

Calhoun at once answered with: "The Union; next to our liberty the most dear; may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States and distributing equally the benefit and burden of the Union." The issue between the President and the Vice-President was now complete, and the Jacksonian Democracy was squarely committed against nullification. Jackson had risen to the occasion as only a strong and

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a great man could rise, and his few, telling words, finely contrasting at every point with Calhoun's utterances, rang throughout the whole country, and will last as long as our government. One result, at least, the Nullifiers accomplished—they put an end to the Jefferson birthday celebrations. . . .

The prime cause of irritation, the tariff, still remained; and in 1832, Clay, having entered the Senate after a long retirement from politics, put the finishing stroke to their anger by procuring the passage of a new tariff bill, which left the planter States almost as badly off as did the law of 1828. Jackson signed this, altho not believing that it went far enough in the reduction of duties.

In the presidential election of 1832, Jackson defeated Clay by an enormous majority; Van Buren was elected Vice-President, there being thus a Northern man on the ticket. South Carolina declined to take part in the election, throwing away her vote. Again, it must be kept in mind that the slave question did not shape, or, indeed enter into this contest at all, directly, altho beginning to be present in the background as a source of irritation. In 1832 there was tenfold more feeling in the North against Masonry, and secret societies generally, than there was against slavery.

A fortnight after the presidential election South Carolina passed her ordinance of nullification, directed against the tariff laws generally, and against those of 1828 and 1832 in particular. The ordinance was to take effect on February 1st; and if meantime the Federal Government should make any attempt to enforce the laws, the fact of such attempt was to end the continuance of South Carolina in the Union.

Jackson promptly issued a proclamation against nullification, composed jointly by himself and the great Louisiana jurist and statesman, Livingston. It is one of the ablest, as well as one of the most important, of all American state papers. It is hard to see how any American can read it now without feeling his veins thrill. Some claim it as being mainly the work of Jackson, others as that of Livingston: it is great honor for either to have had a hand in its production.

In his annual message the President merely referred, in passing, to the Nullifiers, expressing his opinion that the action in reducing the duties, which the extinction of the public debt would permit and require, would put an end to the proceedings. As matters grew more threatening, however, South Carolina making every preparation for war and apparently not being conciliated in the least by the evident desire in Congress to meet her more than half way on the tariff question, Jackson sent a special message to both Houses. He had already sent General Scott² to Charleston, and had begun the concentration of certain military and naval forces in or near the State boundaries. . . .

Calhoun introduced a series of nullification resolutions into the Senate, and defended them strongly in the prolonged constitutional debate that followed. South Carolina meanwhile put off the date at which her decrees were to take effect, so that she might see what Congress would do. Beyond question, Jackson's firmness, and the way in which he was backed up by Benton, Webster, and their followers, was having some effect. He had openly avowed his intention, if matters went too far, of

² General Winfield Scott.

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hanging Calhoun "higher than Haman." He unquestionably meant to imprison him, as well as the other South Carolina leaders, the instant that State came into actual collision with the Union; and to the end of his life regretted, and with reason, that he had not done so without waiting for an overt act of resistance. Some historians have treated this as if it were an idle threat; but such it certainly was not. Jackson undoubtedly fully meant what he said, and would have acted promptly had the provocation occurred, and, moreover, he would have been sustained by the country. . . .

All this time an obstinate struggle was going on over the tariff bill. Calhoun and his sympathizers were beginning to see that there was real danger ahead, alike to themselves, their constituents, and their principles, if they followed unswervingly the course they had laid down; and the weak-kneed brethren on the other side, headed by Clay, were becoming even more uneasy. Calhoun wished to avert collision with the Federal Government; Clay was quite as anxious to avoid an outbreak in the South and to save what he could of the protective system, which was evidently doomed. . . . Accordingly, Clay and Calhoun met and agreed on a curious bill, in reality recognizing the protective system, but making a great altho gradual reduction of duties; and Clay introduced this as a "compromise measure." It was substituted in the House for the administration tariff bill, was passed and sent to the Senate. It gave South Carolina much, but not all, that she demanded. Her Representatives announced themselves satisfied, and supported it, together with all their Southern sympathizers. Webster and Ben-

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ton fought it stoutly to the last, but it was passed by a great majority. . . .

Without doubt, the honors of the nullification dispute were borne off by Benton and Webster. The latter's reply to Hayne is, perhaps, the greatest single speech of the nineteenth century, and he deserves the highest credit for the stubbornness with which he stood by his colors to the last. There never was any question of Webster's courage; on the occasion when he changed front he was actuated by self-interest and ambition, not by timidity. Usually he appears as an advocate rather than an earnest believer in the cause he represents; but when it came to be a question of the Union, he felt what he said with the whole strength of his nature.

An even greater meed of praise attaches to Benton for the unswerving fidelity which he showed to the Union in this crisis. Webster was a high-tariff man, and was backed up by all the sectional antipathies of the northeast in his opposition to the Nullifiers; Benton, on the contrary, was a believer in a low tariff, or in one for revenue merely, and his sectional antipathies were the other way. Yet, even when deserted by his chief, and when he was opposed to every senator from south of the Potomac and the Ohio, he did not flinch for a moment from his attitude of aggressive loyalty to the national Union. He had a singularly strong and upright character; this country has never had a statesman more fearlessly true to his convictions, when great questions were at stake, no matter what might be the cost to himself, or the pressure from outside—even when, as happened later, his own State was against him.

THE RUPTURE BETWEEN JACKSON AND CALHOUN

(1831)

BY THOMAS H. BENTON¹

With the quarrels of public men history has no concern, except as they enter into public conduct, and influence public events. In such case, and as the cause of such events, these quarrels belong to history, which would be an empty tale, devoid of interest or instruction, without the development of the causes, and consequences of the acts which it narrates. Division among chiefs has always been a cause of mischief to their country; and when so, it is the duty of history to show it. That mischief points the moral of much history, and has been made the subject of the greatest of poems:

“Achilles’ wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered——”

About the beginning of March, in the year 1831, a pamphlet appeared in Washington City, issued by Mr. Calhoun, and addrest to the people of the United States, to explain the cause of a difference which had taken place between himself and General Jackson, instigated as the pamphlet alleged by Mr. Van Buren, and intended to make mischief

¹ From Benton’s “Thirty Years’ View.”

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between the first and second officers of the Government, and to effect the political destruction of himself (Mr. Calhoun) for the benefit of the contriver of the quarrel—the then Secretary of State; and indicated as a candidate for the presidential succession upon the termination of General Jackson's service. It was the same pamphlet of which Mr. Duncanson had received previous notice as being in print in his office, but the publication delayed for the maturing of the measures which were to attend its appearance; namely: the change in the course of the *Telegraph*; its attacks upon General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren; the defense of Mr. Calhoun; and the chorus of the affiliated presses, to be engaged “in getting up the storm which even the popularity of General Jackson could not stand.”

The pamphlet was entitled, “Correspondence between General Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, President and Vice-President of the United States, on the subject of the course of the latter in the deliberations of the Cabinet of Mr. Monroe on the occurrences of the Seminole War”; and its contents consisted of a prefatory address, and a number of letters, chiefly from Mr. Calhoun himself, and his friends—the General's share of the correspondence being a few brief notes to ascertain if Mr. Crawford's statement was true? and, being informed that, substantially, it was, to decline any further correspondence with Mr. Calhoun, and to promise a full public reply when he had the leisure for the purpose and access to the proofs. His words were: “In your and Mr. Crawford's dispute I have no interest whatever; but it may become necessary for me hereafter, when I shall have more leisure, and the documents at

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hand, to place the subject in its proper light—to notice the historical facts and references in your communication—which will give a very different view to the subject. Understanding you now, no further communication with you on this subject is necessary.” And none further appears from General Jackson. . . .

But the General did what he had intimated he would—drew up a sustained reply, showing the subject in a different light from that in which Mr. Calhoun’s letters had presented it; and quoting vouchers for all that he said. The case, as made out in the published pamphlet, stood before the public as that of an intrigue on the part of Mr. Van Buren to supplant a rival—of which the President was the dupe—Mr. Calhoun the victim—and the country the sufferer: and the *modus operandi* of the intrigue was, to dig up the buried proceedings of Mr. Monroe’s Cabinet, in relation to a proposed court of inquiry on the General (at the instance of Mr. Calhoun), for his alleged, unauthorized, and illegal operations in Florida during the Seminole War. It was this case which the General felt himself bound to confront—and did; and in confronting which he showed that Mr. Calhoun himself was the sole cause of breaking their friendship; and, consequently, the sole cause of all the consequences which resulted from that breach.

Up to that time—the date of the discovery of Mr. Calhoun’s now admitted part in the proposed measure of the court of inquiry—that gentleman had been the General’s *beau ideal* of a statesman and a man—“the noblest work of God,” as he publicly exprest it in a toast: against whom he would believe nothing, to whose friends he gave an equal

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voice in the Cabinet, whom he consulted as if a member of his administration; and whom he actually preferred for his successor. This reply to the pamphlet, entitled "An exposition of Mr. Calhoun's course toward General Jackson," tho written above twenty years ago, and intended for publication, has never before been given to the public. Its publication becomes essential now. It belongs to a dissension between chiefs which has disturbed the harmony, and loosened the foundations of the Union; and of which the view, on one side, was published in pamphlet at the time, registered in the weeklies and annuals, printed in many papers, carried into the Congress debates, especially on the nomination of Mr. Van Buren; and so made a part of the public history of the times—to be used as historical material in after time. The introductory paragraph to the "Exposition" shows that it was intended for immediate publication, but with a feeling of repugnance to the exhibition of the chief magistrate as a newspaper writer: which feeling in the end predominated, and delayed the publication until the expiration of his office—and afterward, until his death. But it was preserved to fulfil its original purpose, and went in its manuscript form to Mr. Francis P. Blair, the literary legatee of General Jackson; and by him was turned over to me (with trunks full of other papers to be used in this Thirty Years' View).

It had been previously in the hands of Mr. Amos Kendall,² as material for a life of Jackson, which he had begun to write, and was by him made

² Kendall, a native of Massachusetts, was Postmaster-General from 1825 to 1830, and associated with Morse in his telegraph patents.

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known to Mr. Calhoun, who declined "furnishing any further information on the subject." It is in the fair round-hand writing of a clerk, slightly interlined in the General's hand, the narrative sometimes in the first and sometimes in the third person; vouchers referred to and shown for every allegation; and signed by the General in his own well-known hand. Its matter consists of three parts. 1. The justification of himself, under the law of nations and the treaty with Spain of 1795, for taking military possession of Florida in 1818. 2. The same justification, under the orders of Mr. Monroe and his Secretary at War (Mr. Calhoun). 3. The statement of Mr. Calhoun's conduct toward him (the General) in all that affair of the Seminole War, and in the movements in the Cabinet, and in the two Houses of Congress, to which it gave rise. All these parts belong to a life of Jackson, or a history of the Seminole war; but only the two latter come within the scope of this View.

From the rupture between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun (beginning to open in 1830, and breaking out in 1831), dates calamitous events to this country, upon which history can not shut her eyes.

THE WEBSTER-HAYNE DEBATE

(1831)

BY JAMES SCHOULER¹

South Carolina nullification was now coming in sight, and a celebrated debate which belongs to the first session exposed its claims and its fallacies to the country. The arena selected for a first impression was the Senate, where the arch-heretic² himself presided and guided the onset with his eye. Hayne, South Carolina's foremost Senator, was the chosen champion; and the cause of his State, both in its right and wrong sides, could have found no abler exponent while Calhoun's official station kept him from the floor. It has been said that Hayne was Calhoun's sword and buckler, and that he returned to the contest refreshed each morning by nightly communions with the Vice-President, drawing auxiliary supplies from the well-stored arsenal of his powerful and subtle mind. Be this as it may, Hayne was a ready and copious orator, a highly-educated lawyer, a man of varied accomplishments, shining as a writer, speaker, and counselor, equally qualified to draw up a bill or to advocate it, quick to discern, and, tho brilliant, disposed to view things on the practical side.

¹ From Schouler's "History of the United States." By permission of Mr. Schouler, and of his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Company. Copyright 1880-1891.

² Calhoun, who presided as Vice-President of the United States.

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His person was flexible, about the medium height and well proportioned; his face pleasant and expressive, and tho serious, lighting up readily with a smile; his manners irresistibly cordial and easy, winning strangers at first sight. He turned readily from business to society, and pursued with equal zest the triumphs of the forum and ball-room. A graceful adaptiveness at all points to a life of distinction was his striking quality; rugged inequalities in his nature there were none. Gifted for a life of public eminence, nobly born, bearing a Revolutionary name pathetic in its memories, well fortified by wealth and marriage connections, dignified, never vulgar nor unmindful of the feelings of those with whom he mingled, Hayne moved in an atmosphere where lofty and chivalrous honor was the ruling sentiment. But it was the honor of a caste; and the struggling bread-winners of society, the great commonalty, he little studied or understood. This was the man to fire an aristocracy of fellow citizens ready to arm when their interests were in danger, and upon him it devolved to advance the cause of South Carolina, break down the tariff, and fascinate the Union with the new rattlesnake theories.

The great debate, which culminated in Hayne's encounter with Webster, came about in a somewhat casual way. Senator Foote, of Connecticut, submitted a proposition inquiring into the expediency of limiting the sales of public lands to those already in the market. This seemed like an Eastern spasm of jealousy at the progress of the West. Benton was rising in renown as the advocate not only of Western settlers, but of a new theory that the public lands should be given away instead of

sold to them. He joined Hayne in using this opportunity to try to detach the West from the East, and restore the old cooperation of the West and the South against New England. The discussion took a wide range, going back to topics that had agitated the country before the Constitution was formed. It was of a partizan and censorious character, and drew nearly all the chief senators out. But the topic which became the leading feature of the whole debate and gave it an undying interest was that of nullification, in which Hayne and Webster came forth as chief antagonists. . . .

Hayne launched his confident javelin at the New England States. He accused them of a desire to check the growth of the West in the interests of protection. Webster replied to his speech the next day, and left not a shred of the charge, baseless as it was. Inflamed and mortified at this repulse, Hayne soon returned to the assault, primed with a two-days' speech, which at great length vaunted the patriotism of South Carolina and bitterly attacked New England, dwelling particularly upon her conduct during the late war. It was a speech delivered before a crowded auditory, and loud were the Southern exultations that he was more than a match for Webster. Strange was it, however, that in heaping reproaches upon the Hartford Convention he did not mark how nearly its leaders had mapped out the same line of opposition to the national Government that his State now proposed to take, both relying upon the arguments of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798-99.

Webster rose the next day in his seat to make his reply. He had allowed himself but a single

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night from eve to morn to prepare for a critical and crowning occasion. But his reply was gathered from the choicest arguments and the richest thoughts that had long floated through his brain while this crisis was gathering; and bringing these materials together in lucid and compact shape, he calmly composed and delivered before another crowded and breathless auditory a speech full of burning passages, which will live as long as the American Union, and the grandest effort of his life. Two leading ideas predominated in this reply, and with respect to either Hayne was not only answered but put to silence. First, New England was vindicated. As a pious son of Federalism, Webster went the full length of the required defense.

Some of his historical deductions may be questioned; but far above all possible error on the part of her leaders, stood colonial and Revolutionary New England, and the sturdy, intelligent, and thriving people whose loyalty to the Union had never failed, and whose home, should ill befall the nation, would yet prove liberty's last shelter. Next, the Union was held up to view in all its strength, symmetry, and integrity, reposing in the ark of the Constitution, no longer an experiment, as in the days when Hamilton and Jefferson contended for shaping its course, but ordained and established by and for the people, to secure the blessings of liberty to all posterity. It was not a Union to be torn up without bloodshed; for nerves and arteries were interwoven with its roots and tendrils, sustaining the lives and interests of twelve millions of inhabitants. No hanging over the abyss of disunion, no weighing of the chances,

no doubting as to what the Constitution was worth, no placing of liberty before Union, but "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." This was the tenor of Webster's speech, and nobly did the country respond to it. . . .

Some of Webster's personal friends had felt nervous over what appeared to them too hasty a period for preparation. But his cool, unperturbed manner reassured them in an instant. He entered the Senate on that memorable day with slow and stately step, and took his seat as tho unconscious of the loud buzz of expectant interest with which the crowded auditory greeted his appearance. He was drest with scrupulous care, in a blue coat with metal buttons, a buff vest rounding over his full abdomen, and his neck encircled with a white cravat. He rose, the image of conscious mastery, after the dull preliminary business of the day was dispatched, and with a happy figurative allusion to the tossed mariner, as he called for a reading of the resolution from which the debate had so far drifted, lifted his audience at once to his level. Then he began his speech, his words flowing on so completely at command that a fellow-senator who heard him has likened his elocution to the steady flow of molten gold. There was an end of all apprehension. Eloquence threw open the portals of eternal day. New England, the Union, the Constitution in its integrity, all were triumphantly vindicated; and the excited crowd which had packed the Senate chamber, filling every seat on the floor and in the galleries, and all the available standing room, dispersed after the orator's last grand apostrophe had died away on the air, with national pride throbbing at the heart.

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Massachusetts men, gloomy and downcast of late, now walked the avenue as tho the fife and drum were before them. Hayne's few but zealous partizans shielded him still, and South Carolina spoke with pride of him. His speech was indeed a powerful one from its eloquence and personalities. But his standpoint was purely local and sectional. The people read Webster's speech and marked him for the champion henceforth against all assaults upon the Constitution. An undefinable dread now went abroad that men were planning against the peace of the nation, that the Union was in danger; and citizens looked more closely after its safety and welfare. Webster's speech aroused the latent spirit of patriotism. Even Benton, whose connection with the debate made him at first belittle these grand utterances, soon felt the danger and repudiated the company of the nullifiers. He remained through his long public career a Southern Unionist, and a good type of the growing class of statesman devoted to slave interests who loved the Union as it was and doted upon its compromises.

HOW THE FEDERAL UNION WORKED TO THE INJURY OF THE SOUTH

BY THOMAS H. BENTON¹

To show the working of the Federal Government is the design of this view—show how things are done under it and their effect; that the good may be approved and pursued, the evil condemned and avoided, and the machine of government be made to work equally for the benefit of the whole Union, according to the wise and beneficent intent of its founders. It thus becomes necessary to show its working in the two great Atlantic sections, originally sole parties to the Union—the North and the South—complained of for many years on one part as unequal and oppressive, and made so by a course of Federal legislation at variance with the objects of the confederation and contrary to the intent or the words of the Constitution.

The writer of this view sympathized with that complaint; believed it to be, to much extent, well founded; saw with concern the corroding effect it had on the feelings of patriotic men of the South; and often had to lament that a sense of duty to his own constituents required him to give votes which his judgment disapproved and his feelings condemned. This complaint existed when he came into the Senate; it had, in fact, commenced

¹ From Benton's "Thirty Years' View."

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in the first years of the Federal Government, at the time of the assumption of the State debts, the incorporation of the first national bank, and the adoption of the funding system; all of which drew capital from the South to the North.

It continued to increase; and, at the period to which this chapter relates, it had reached the stage of an organized sectional expression in a voluntary convention of the Southern States. It had often been exprest in Congress, and in the State legislatures, and habitually in the discussions of the people; but now it took the more serious form of joint action, and exhibited the spectacle of a part of the States assembling sectionally to complain formally of the unequal, and to them, injurious operation of the common government, established by common consent for the common good, and now frustrating its object by departing from the purposes of its creation. The convention was called commercial, and properly, as the grievance complained of was in its root commercial, and a commercial remedy was proposed.

It met at Augusta, Georgia, and afterward at Charleston, South Carolina; and the evil complained of and the remedy proposed were strongly set forth in the proceedings of the body, and in addresses to the people of the Southern and South-western States. The changed relative condition of the two sections of the country, before and since the Union, was shown in their general relative depression or prosperity since that event, and especially in the reversed condition of their respective foreign import trade. In the colonial condition the comparison was wholly in favor of the South; under the Union wholly against it.

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Thus, in the year 1760—only sixteen years before the Declaration of Independence—the foreign imports into Virginia were £850,000 sterling, and into South Carolina £555,000; while into New York they were only £189,000, into Pennsylvania £490,000; and into all the New England colonies collectively only £561,000.

These figures exhibit an immense superiority of commercial prosperity on the side of the South in its colonial state, sadly contrasting with another set of figures exhibited by the convention to show its relative condition within a few years after the Union. Thus, in the year 1821, the imports into New York had risen to \$23,000,000—being about seventy times its colonial import at about an equal period before the adoption of the Constitution; and those of South Carolina stood at \$3,000,000—which, for all practical purposes, may be considered the same that they were in 1760.

Such was the difference—the reversed conditions—of the two sections, worked between them in the brief space of two generations—within the actual lifetime of some who had seen their colonial conditions. The proceedings of the convention did not stop there, but brought down the comparison (under this commercial aspect) to near the period of its own sitting—to the actual period of the highest manifestation of Southern discontent, in 1832—when it produced the enactment of the South Carolina nullifying ordinance. At that time all the disproportions between the foreign commerce of the two sections had inordinately increased. The New York imports (since 1821) had more than doubled; the Virginia had fallen off one-half; South Carolina two-thirds. The actual figures

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stood: New York, fifty-seven millions of dollars; Virginia, half a million; South Carolina, one million and a quarter.

This was a disheartening view, and rendered more grievous by the certainty of its continuation, the prospect of its aggravation, and the conviction that the South (in its great staples) furnished the basis for these imports; of which it received so small a share. To this loss of its import trade, and its transfer to the North, the convention attributed, as a primary cause, the reversed conditions of the two sections—the great advance of one in wealth and improvements—the slow progress and even comparative decline of the other; and, with some allowance for the operation of natural or inherent causes, referred the effect to a course of Federal legislation unwarranted by the grants of the Constitution and the objects of the Union, which subtracted capital from one section and accumulated it in the other:—protective tariff, internal improvements, pensions, national debt, two national banks, the funding system and the paper system; the multiplication of offices, profuse and extravagant expenditure, the conversion of a limited into an almost unlimited government; and the substitution of power and splendor for what was intended to be a simple and economical administration of that part of their affairs which required a general head.

These were the points of complaint—abuses—which had led to the collection of an enormous revenue, chiefly levied on the products of one section of the Union and mainly disbursed in another. So far as Northern advantages were the result of fair legislation for the accomplishment

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of the objects of the Union, all discontent or complaint was disclaimed. All knew that the superior advantages of the North for navigation would give it the advantage in foreign commerce; but it was not expected that these facilities would operate a monopoly on one side and an extinction on the other; nor was that consequence allowed to be the effect of these advantages alone, but was charged to a course of legislation not warranted by the objects of the Union, or the terms of the Constitution, which created it. To this course of legislation was attributed the accumulation of capital in the North, which had enabled that section to monopolize the foreign commerce which was founded upon Southern exports; to cover one part with wealth while the other was impoverished; and to make the South tributary to the North, and supplant to it for a small part of the fruits of their own labor.

Unhappily there was some foundation for this view of the case; and in this lies the root of the discontent of the South and its dissatisfaction with the Union, altho it may break out upon another point. It is in this belief of an incompatibility of interest, from the perverted working of the Federal Government, that lies at the root of Southern discontent, and which constitutes the danger to the Union, and which statesmen should confront and grapple with; and not in any danger to slave property, which has continued to aggrandize in value during the whole period of the cry of danger, and is now of greater price than ever was known before; and such as our ancestors would have deemed fabulous. . . .

What has been published in the South and ad-

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verted to in this view goes to show that an incompatibility of interest between the two sections, tho not inherent, has been produced by the working of the government—not its fair and legitimate, but its perverted and unequal working.

This is the evil which statesmen should see and provide against. Separation is no remedy; exclusion of Northern vessels from Southern ports is no remedy; but is disunion itself—and upon the very point which caused the Union to be formed. Regulation of commerce between the States, and with foreign nations, was the cause of the formation of the Union. Break that regulation and the Union is broken; and the broken parts converted into antagonist nations, with causes enough of dissension to engender perpetual wars, and inflame incessant animosities. The remedy lies in the right working of the Constitution; in the cessation of unequal legislation; in the reduction of the inordinate expenses of the government; in its return to the simple, limited, and economical machine it was intended to be; and in the revival of fraternal feelings, and respect for each other's rights and just complaints; which would return of themselves when the real cause of discontent was removed.

The conventions of Augusta and Charleston proposed their remedy for the Southern depression, and the comparative decay of which they complained. It was a fair and patriotic remedy—that of becoming their own exporters, and opening a direct trade in their own staples between Southern and foreign ports. It was recommended—attempted—failed. Superior advantages for navigation in the North—greater aptitude of its people for commerce—established course of business

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—accumulated capital—continued unequal legislation in Congress; and increasing expenditures of the government, chiefly disbursed in the North, and defect of seamen in the South (for mariners can not be made of slaves), all combined to retain the foreign trade in the channel which had absorbed it; and to increase it there with the increasing wealth and population of the country, and the still faster increasing extravagance and profusion of the government. And now, at this period (1855), the foreign imports at New York are \$195,000,000; at Boston, \$58,000,000; in Virginia, \$1,250,000; in South Carolina, \$1,750,000.

This is what the dry and naked figures show. To the memory and imagination it is worse; for it is a tradition of the colonies that the South had been the seat of wealth and happiness, of power and opulence; that a rich population covered the land, dispensing a baronial hospitality, and diffusing the felicity which themselves enjoyed; that all was life, and joy, and affluence then. And this tradition was not without similitude to the reality, as this writer can testify; for he was old enough to have seen (after the Revolution) the still surviving state of Southern colonial manners, when no traveler was allowed to go to a tavern, but was handed over from family to family through entire States; when holidays were days of festivity and expectation, long prepared for, and celebrated by master and slave with music and feasting, and great concourse of friends and relatives; when gold was kept in desks or chests (after the downfall of continental paper) and weighed in scales, and lent to neighbors for short terms without note, interest, witness, or security; and on bond and

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land security for long years and lawful usance: and when petty litigation was at so low an ebb that it required a fine of forty pounds of tobacco to make a man serve as constable.

The reverse of all this was now seen and felt—not to the whole extent which fancy or policy painted—but to extent enough to constitute a reverse, and to make a contrast, and to excite the regrets which the memory of past joys never fails to awaken. A real change had come, and this change, the effect of many causes, was wholly attributed to one—the unequal working of the Federal Government—which gave all the benefits of the Union to the North, and all its burdens to the South. And that was the point on which Southern discontent broke out—on which it openly rested until 1835; when it was shifted to the danger of slave property.

Separation is no remedy for these evils, but the parent of far greater than either just discontent or restless ambition would fly from. To the South the Union is a political blessing; to the North it is both a political and a pecuniary blessing; to both it should be a social blessing. Both sections should cherish it, and the North most. The story of the boy that killed the goose that laid the golden egg every day, that he might get all the eggs at once, was a fable; but the Northern man who could promote separation by any course of wrong to the South would convert that fable into history—his own history—and commit a folly, in a mere profit and loss point of view, of which there is no precedent except in fable.

GARRISON AND HIS "LIBERATOR"

(1831)

BY GOLDWIN SMITH¹

Emancipation immediate, unconditional, and without compensation—such was the platform on which Garrison had now taken his stand, and such were the doctrines which the *Liberator*, as soon as it got fairly under way, began to preach. The first article followed upon the belief in the utter wrongfulness and sinfulness of slavery, which was the necessary basis of the moral and religious movement, and in grasping which Garrison had grasped the sole and certain assurance of victory. If man could have no property in man, he could no more have property for a day than forever. The slave was at once entitled to his freedom; he was entitled to set himself free if he could by flight or by insurrection. If the slaves who were shipped in Mr. Todd's vessel had risen upon the crew, tumbled into the hold or even killed those who resisted, and carried the vessel into a free port, they would have been doing right in the eyes of all but the slaveowner and his friends. For the same reason it was logical to protest against any condition not imposed in the interest of the slave. But conditions might be imposed in the slave's interest, to smooth and safeguard a tran-

¹ From Smith's "The Moral Crusader, William Lloyd Garrison." Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company. Copyright 1892.

GARRISON AND HIS "LIBERATOR"

sition which no reasonable man could believe to be free from peril. The policy of provisional apprenticeship was adopted for that purpose by the British Parliament, and tho without practical success, certainly without moral wrong.

But in refusing to sanction compensation to the slave-owner, Garrison would surely have gone astray. What is or is not property in the eye of morality, morality must decide. What is or is not property in a particular community is decided by the law of that community. The law of the American community had sanctioned the holding of property in slaves, and tho the slave was not bound by that law the community itself was. Men had been induced to invest their money in slaves under the guarantee of the public faith, and emancipation without compensation, so far as the republic was concerned, would have been breach of faith and robbery. The slave-owner had sinned no more in holding slaves than the State had sinned in sanctioning his possession, and if a sacrifice was to be made to public morality, equity demanded that it should be made by all alike.

The British legislature, overriding extremist proposals, acted upon this principle; and it did right. What the conscience of the individual slave-owner might dictate to him was another affair. To declare that there should be no compensation, and thus to threaten a powerful body of proprietors with beggary, would have been to make the conflict internecine. After the Civil War it was sorrowfully recalled that the price of the slaves would have been about six hundred millions, which would have been a cheap redemption from a struggle which cost eight thousand millions of dollars, be-

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sides the blood and havoc. If the *Liberator* had been instrumental in preventing such a settlement a dark shade of responsibility would rest upon its pages.

But it is not likely that the settlement ever could have taken place. Not the commercial interest alone of the slave-owner, but his political ambition and his social pride were bound up with the institution. If he had been willing to part with his crops of cotton and tobacco, he would not have been willing to part with his aristocracy. Nor would it have been easy, when the State had paid its money, to enforce the real fulfilment of the bargain. Even now, when the South has been humbled by defeat, it is not easy to make her obey the law. Nothing more than the substitution of serfage for slavery would probably have been the result. Any such scheme, however, would scarcely have been feasible for a government like that of the American republic. The redemption of the slaves in the West Indies had been conceived and carried into effect by the imperial government and Parliament, acting upon the dependencies with autocratic power. A czar conceived and carried into effect the emancipation of the serfs in Russia. But a measure of this kind could hardly have been conceived, much less could it have been carried into effect, amid the fluctuations of popular suffrage and the distractions of political party. It is probable that the conflict was really irrepressible, and doomed to end either in separation or civil war.

The salutatory of the *Liberator* avowed that its editor meant to speak out without restraint. "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising

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as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard!"

This promise was amply kept. Some of Garrison's best friends, and of the best friends of his cause, complained of the severity of his language, and their complaint can not be set aside as unfounded. Railing accusations are a mistake, even when the delinquent is Satanic. Unmeasured and indiscriminate language can never be justified. Washington had inherited an evil kind of property and an imperfect morality in connection with it; but no one could have called him a man-stealer; and there were still owners of slaves to whom the name as little belonged. Citations of the controversial invective of Luther and Milton will avail us nothing; the age of Luther and Milton was in that respect uncivilized. A youth dealing with a subject on which his feelings are excited is sure to be unmeasured.

However, it was to the conscience of the nation that Garrison was appealing; and an appeal to conscience is unavoidably severe. Nothing will warrant the appeal but that which necessitates severity. The voice of conscience herself within us is severe. In answer to the clergymen who shrank from him, or profest to shrink from him, on ac-

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count of the violence of his language. Garrison might have pointed, not only to passages in the Hebrew prophets, but to passages in the discourses of Christ. He might have reminded them of the language in which they were themselves, every Sunday in the pulpit, warning men to turn from every sin but slavery. With no small force he pleaded that he had icebergs of indifference around him, and it would take a good deal of fire in himself to melt them. To hate and denounce the sin either in the abstract or as that of a class or community is not to hate or denounce the individual sinner. To an individual slave-owner who had shown any disposition to hear him, Garrison would have been all courtesy and kindness. We may be sure that he would have clasped at once to his heart any slave-owner who had repented. Having, to use his own figure, taken in his hand the trumpet of God, he resolved to blow a strong blast. He could not believe that there was a sin without a sinner, nor could he separate the sinner from the sin. There was much wrath but no venom in the man. If there had been venom in him it would have belied his countenance and deportment. Miss Martineau, not an uncritical observer, was profoundly impressed with the saint-like expression and the sweetness of his manner. In private and in his family he was all gentleness and affection. Let it be said, too, that he set a noble example to controversial editors in his fair treatment of his opponents. Not only did he always give insertion to their replies, but he copied their criticisms from other journals into his own. Fighting for freedom of discussion, he was ever loyal to his own principle.

GARRISON AND HIS "LIBERATOR"

What is certain is that the *Liberator*, in spite of the smallness of its circulation, which was hardly enough to keep it alive, soon told. The South was moved to its center. The editorials probably would not have caused much alarm, as the slaves could not read. What was likely to cause more alarm was the frontispiece, which spoke plainly enough to the slave's eye. It represented an auction at which "slaves, horses, and other cattle" were being offered for sale, and a whipping-post at which a slave was being flogged. In the background was the Capitol at Washington, with a flag inscribed "Liberty" floating over the dome. There might have been added the motto of Virginia, *Sic semper tyrannis*, and perhaps some extracts from the republican orations with which the South was celebrating the victory of French liberty over Charles X.

On seeing the *Liberator* the realm of slavery bestirred itself. A Vigilance Association took the matter in hand. First came fiery and bloodthirsty editorials; then anonymous threats; then attempts by legal enactment to prevent the circulation of the *Liberator* at the South. The Grand Jury of North Carolina found a true bill against Garrison for the circulation of a paper of seditious tendency, the penalty for which was whipping and imprisonment for the first offense, and death without benefit of clergy for the second. The General Assembly of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who, under the laws of that State, should arrest the editor of the *Liberator*, bring him to trial, and prosecute him to conviction. The South reproached Boston with allowing a battery to be planted on her soil against the ramparts of Southern institutions.

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Boston felt the reproach, and showed that she would gladly have suppressed the incendiary print and perhaps have delivered up its editor; but the law was against her, and the mass of the people, tho' wavering in their allegiance to morality on the question of slavery, were still loyal to freedom of opinion. When a Southern Governor appealed to the Mayor of Boston to take proceedings, the Mayor of Boston could only shake his head and assure his Southern friend that Garrison's paper was of little account. The reward offered by the General Assembly of Georgia looked very like an incitement to kidnapping. Justice to the South requires it to be said that nothing of the kind was ever attempted, nor was the hand of a Southern government visible in any outrage committed against Abolitionists at the North, tho' individual Southerners might take part, and the spirit of the Southern fire-eater was always there.

THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

(1833)

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER¹

In the gray twilight of a chill day of late November, forty years ago, a dear friend of mine, residing in Boston, made his appearance at the old farmhouse in East Haverhill. He had been deputed by the Abolitionists of the city, William L. Garrison, Samuel E. Sewall, and others, to inform me of my appointment as a delegate to the convention about to be held in Philadelphia for the formation of an American Anti-slavery Society, and to urge upon me the necessity of my attendance.

Few words of persuasion, however, were needed. I was unused to traveling, my life had been spent on a secluded farm; and the journey, mostly by stage-coach, at that time was really a formidable one. Moreover, the few Abolitionists were everywhere spoken against, their persons threatened, and in some instances a price set on their heads by Southern legislators. Pennsylvania was on the borders of slavery, and it needed small effort of imagination to picture to one's self the breaking up of the convention and maltreatment of its members. This latter consideration I do not think

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weighed much with me, altho I was better prepared for serious danger than for anything like personal indignity. I had read Governor Trumbull's description of the tarring and feathering of his hero MacFingal, when, after the application of the melted tar, the feather bed was ripped open and shaken over him, until

“Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes about his visage wears,
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers;”

and, I confess, I was quite unwilling to undergo a martyrdom which my best friends could scarcely refrain from laughing at. But a summons like that of Garrison's bugle-blast could scarcely be unheeded by one who, from birth and education, held fast the traditions of that earlier abolitionism which, under the lead of Benezet and Woolman,² had effaced from the Society of Friends every vestige of slaveholding. I had thrown myself, with a young man's fervid enthusiasm, into a movement which commended itself to my reason and conscience, to my love of country and my sense of duty to God and my fellow-men. My first venture in authorship was the publication at my own expense, in the spring of 1833, of a pamphlet entitled “Justice and Expediency,” on the moral and political evils of slavery, and the duty of emancipation.

² Benezet and Woolman were both Quakers, the former a Frenchman who came to America, wrote pamphlets against the slave trade, and died in Philadelphia in 1784; the latter an American who also wrote against slavery, but is best known for his “Journal,” published after his death as edited by Whittier.

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Under such circumstances I could not hesitate, but prepared at once for my journey. It was necessary that I should start on the morrow; and the intervening time, with a small allowance of sleep, was spent in providing for the care of the farm and homestead during my absence.

So the next morning I took the stage for Boston, stopping at the ancient hostelry known as the Eastern Stage Tavern; and on the day following, in company with William Lloyd Garrison, I left for New York. At that city we were joined by other delegates, among them David Thurston, a Congregational minister from Maine. On our way to Philadelphia we took, as a matter of necessary economy, a second-class conveyance, and found ourselves, in consequence, among rough and hilarious companions, whose language was more noteworthy for strength than refinement. . . .

On reaching Philadelphia, we at once betook ourselves to the humble dwelling on Fifth Street occupied by Evan Lewis, a plain, earnest man and lifelong Abolitionist, who had been largely interested in preparing the way for the convention. We found about forty members assembled in the parlors of our friend Lewis, and after some general conversation Lewis Tappan was asked to preside over an informal meeting preparatory to the opening of the convention. A handsome, intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, responded to the invitation, and in a clear, well-modulated voice, the firm tones of which inspired hope and confidence, stated the objects of our preliminary council, and the purpose which had called us together, in earnest and well-chosen words. . . . Beriah Green, of the Oneida (New York) Institute, was

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chosen president, a fresh-faced, sandy-haired, rather common-looking man, but who had the reputation of an able and eloquent speaker. He had already made himself known to us as a resolute and self-sacrificing Abolitionist. Lewis Tappan and myself took our places at his side as secretaries, on the elevation at the west end of the hall.

Looking over the assembly, I noticed that it was mainly composed of comparatively young men, some in middle age, and a few beyond that period. They were nearly all plainly drest, with a view to comfort rather than elegance. Many of the faces turned toward me wore a look of expectancy and supprest enthusiasm. All had the earnestness which might be expected of men engaged in an enterprise beset with difficulty and perhaps with peril. The fine, intellectual head of Garrison, prematurely bald, was conspicuous. The sunny-faced young man at his side, in whom all the beatitudes seemed to find expression, was Samuel J. May,³ mingling in his veins the best blood of the Sewalls and Quineys—a man so exceptionally pure and large-hearted, so genial, tender, and loving, that he could be faithful to truth and duty without making an enemy.

“The de’il wad look into his face,
And swear he couldna wrang him.”

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The committee on the declaration of principles, of which I was a member, held a long session dis-

³ May was a prominent Abolitionist, born in Boston, a friend of Prudence Crandall, who was persecuted for opening her school in Connecticut to negro girls. May was afterward active in the “underground railway” movement, during which he was arrested, tho never tried.

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cussing the proper scope and tenor of the document. But little progress being made, it was finally decided to entrust the matter to a subcommittee, consisting of William L. Garrison, S. J. May, and myself; and, after a brief consultation and comparison of each other's views, the drafting of the important paper was assigned to the former gentleman. We agreed to meet him at his lodgings in the house of a colored friend early the next morning. It was still dark when we climbed up to his room, and the lamp was still burning by the light of which he was writing the last sentence of the declaration. We read it carefully, made a few verbal changes, and submitted it to the large committee, who unanimously agreed to report it to the convention.

The paper was read to the convention by Dr. Atlee, chairman of the committee, and listened to with the profoundest interest. Commencing with a reference to the time, fifty-seven years before, when, in the same city of Philadelphia, our fathers announced to the world their Declaration of Independence—based on the self-evident truths of human equality and rights—and appealed to arms for its defense, it spoke of the new enterprise as one “without which that of our fathers is incomplete,” and as transcending theirs in magnitude, solemnity, and probable results as much “as moral truth does physical force.” It spoke of the difference of the two in the means and ends proposed, and of the trifling grievances of our fathers compared with the wrongs and sufferings of the slaves, which it forcibly characterized as unequaled by any others on the face of the earth. It claimed that the nation was bound to repent at once, to

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let the oppressed go free, and to admit them to all the rights and privileges of others; because, it asserted, no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother; because liberty is inalienable; because there is no difference in principle between slaveholding and man-stealing, which the law brands as piracy; and because no length of bondage can invalidate man's claim to himself, or render slave laws anything but "an audacious usurpation."

It maintained that no compensation should be given to planters emancipating slaves, because that would be a surrender of fundamental principles. "Slavery is a crime, and is, therefore, not an article to be sold"; because slaveholders are not just proprietors of what they claim; because emancipation would destroy only nominal, not real, property; and because compensation, if given at all, should be given to the slaves.

It declared any "scheme of expatriation" to be "delusive, cruel, and dangerous." It fully recognized the right of each State to legislate exclusively on the subject of slavery within its limits, and conceded that Congress, under the present national compact, had no right to interfere, tho still contending that it had the power, and should exercise it, "to suppress the domestic slave-trade between the several States," and "to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction."

After clearly and emphatically avowing the principles underlying the enterprise, and guarding with scrupulous care the rights of persons and states under the Constitution, in prosecuting it, the declaration closed with these eloquent words:—

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"We also maintain that there are at the present time the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the Southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slaveholder to vote on three-fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the South for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal and full of danger. It must be broken up.

"These are our views and principles—these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of Independence and the truths of divine revelation as upon the everlasting rock.

"We shall organize anti-slavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and rebuke.

"We shall circulate unsparingly and extensively anti-slavery tracts and periodicals.

"We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

"We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

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"We shall encourage the labor of freemen over that of the slaves, by giving a preference to their productions; and

"We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance." . . .

The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion which lasted several hours. During the discussion one of the spectators asked leave to say a few words. A beautiful and graceful woman, in the prime of life, with a face beneath her plain cap as finely intellectual as that of Madame Roland, offered some wise and valuable suggestions, in a clear, sweet voice, the charm of which I have never forgotten. It was Lucretia Mott,⁴ of Philadelphia. The president courteously thanked her, and encouraged her to take a part in the discussion. On the morning of the last day of our session the declaration, with its few verbal amendments, carefully engrossed on parchment, was brought before the convention. Samuel J. May rose to read it for the last time. His sweet, persuasive voice faltered with the intensity of his emotions as he repeated the solemn pledges of the concluding paragraphs. After a season of silence, David Thurston, of Maine, rose as his name was called by one of the secretaries, and affix his name to the document. One after another passed up to the platform, signed, and retired in silence. All felt the deep responsibility of the occasion: the shadow and forecast of a lifelong struggle rested upon every countenance.

Our work as a convention was now done.

⁴ A noted Quaker preacher, active for abolition and woman's suffrage, born in Nantucket in 1793, died in 1880.

THREE NORTHERN VIEWS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS

I

BY JAMES G. BLAINE¹

With the settlement of the Missouri question, the anti-slavery agitation subsided as rapidly as it had arisen. This was a second surprize to thinking men. The result can, however, be readily explained. The Northern States felt that they had absolutely secured to freedom a large territory west and north of Missouri. The Southern States believed that they had an implied and honorable understanding—outside and beyond the explicit letter of the law—that new States south of the Missouri line could be admitted with slavery if they desired. The great political parties then dividing the country accepted the result and for the next twenty years no agitation of the slavery question appeared in any political convention, or affected any considerable body of the people.

Within that period, however, there grew up a school of anti-slavery men far more radical and progressive than those who had resisted the admission of Missouri as a slave State. They formed what was known as the Abolition party, and they devoted themselves to the utter destruction of

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slavery by every instrumentality which they could lawfully employ. Acutely trained in the political as well as the ethical principles of the great controversy, they clearly distinguished between the powers which Congress might and might not exercise under the limitations of the Constitution. They began, therefore, by demanding the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and in all the national forts, arsenals, and dock-yards, where, without question or cavil, the exclusive jurisdiction belonged to Congress; they asked that Congress, under its constitutional authority to regulate commerce between the States, would prohibit the inter-State slave-trade; and they prayed that our ships sailing on the high seas should not be permitted by the government to carry slaves as part of their cargo, under the free flag of the United States, and outside the local jurisdiction that held them in bondage. They denied that a man should aid in executing any law whose enforcement did violence to his conscience and trampled under foot the Divine commands. Hence they would not assist in the surrender and return of fugitive slaves, holding it rather to be their duty to resist such violation of the natural rights of man by every peaceful method, and justifying their resistance by the truths embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and, still more impressively, by the precepts taught in the New Testament.

While encountering, on these issues, the active hostility of the great mass of the people in all sections of the Union, the Abolitionists challenged the respect of thinking men, and even compelled the admiration of some of their most pronounced opponents. The party was small in number, but its

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membership was distinguished for intellectual ability, for high character, for pure philanthropy, for unquailing courage both moral and physical, and for a controversial talent which has never been excelled in the history of moral reforms. It would not be practicable to give the names of all who were conspicuous in this great struggle, but the mention of James G. Birney, of Benjamin Lundy, of Arthur Tappan, of the brothers Lovejoy, of Gerrit Smith, of John G. Whittier, of William Lloyd Garrison, of Wendell Phillips, and of Gamaliel Bailey, will indicate the class who are entitled to be held in remembrance so long as the possession of great mental and moral attributes gives enduring and honorable fame.

Nor would the list of bold and powerful agitators be complete or just if confined to the white race. Among the colored men—often denied the simplest rights of citizenship in the States where they resided—were found many who had received the gift of tongues, orators by nature, who bravely presented the wrongs and upheld the rights of the oppressed. Among these Frederick Douglass² was especially and richly endowed not only with the strength, but with the graces of speech; and for many years, from the stump and from the platform, he exerted a wide and beneficial influence upon popular opinion.

In the early days of this agitation, the Abolitionists were a proscribed and persecuted class, de-

² A negro orator and journalist, son of a white man and black woman, born a slave in 1817, escaped to Massachusetts in 1838, lived afterward in Rochester, where he edited a newspaper; served as United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, 1876-1881.

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nounced with unsparing severity by both the great political parties, condemned by many of the leading churches, libeled in the public press, and maltreated by furious mobs. In no part of the country did they constitute more than a handful of the population, but they worked against every discouragement with a zeal and firmness which bespoke intensity of moral conviction. They were in large degree recruited from the Society of Friends, who brought to the support of the organization the same calm and consistent courage which had always distinguished them in upholding before the world their peculiar tenets of religious faith. Caring nothing for prejudice, meeting opprobrium with silence, shaming the authors of violence by meek non-resistance, relying on moral agencies alone, appealing simply to the reason and the conscience of men, they arrested the attention of the nation by arraigning it before the public opinion of the world, and proclaiming its responsibility to the judgment of God. . . .

Profoundly opposed as were many citizens to a denial of the right of petition, very few wished to become identified with the cause of the Abolitionists. In truth it required no small degree of moral courage to take position in the ranks of that despised political sect forty-five years ago. Persecutions of a petty and social character were almost sure to follow, and not infrequently grievous wrongs were inflicted, for which, in the absence of a disposition among the people to see justice done, the law afforded no redress. Indeed, by an apparent contradiction not difficult to reconcile, many of those who fought bravely for the right of the Abolitionists to be heard in Congress by pe-

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tition, were yet enraged with them for continually and, as they thought, causelessly, raising and pressing the issue. They were willing to fight for the right of the Abolitionists to do a certain thing, and then willing to fight the Abolitionists for aimlessly and uselessly doing it. The men who were governed by these complex motives were chiefly Whigs. They felt that an increase of popular strength to the Abolitionists must be at the expense of the party which, continuing to make Clay its idol, was about to make Harrison its candidate. The announcement, therefore, on the eve of the national contest of 1840, that the Abolitionists had nominated James G. Birney of Michigan for President, and Francis J. Le Moyne of Pennsylvania for Vice-President, was angrily received by the Whigs, and denunciations of the movement were loud and frequent. The support received by these candidates was unexpectedly small, and showed little ground, in the judgment of the Whigs, for the course taken by the Abolitionists. Their strength was almost wholly confined to New England, western New York, and the Western Reserve of Ohio. It was plainly seen, that, in a large majority of the free States, the Abolitionists had as yet made no impression on public opinion.

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II

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT¹

Toward the close of Jackson's administration, slavery for the first time made its permanent appearance in national politics; altho for some years yet it had little or no influence in shaping the course of political movements. In 1833 the Abolition societies of the North came into prominence; they had been started a couple of years previously.

Black slavery was such a grossly anachronistic and un-American form of evil, that it is difficult to discuss calmly the efforts to abolish it, and to remember that many of these efforts were calculated to do, and actually did, more harm than good. We are also very apt to forget that it was perfectly possible and reasonable for enlightened and virtuous men, who fully recognized it as an evil, yet to prefer its continuance to having it interfered with in a way that would produce even worse results. Black slavery in Hayti was characterized by worse abuse than ever was the case in the United States; yet, looking at the condition of that republic now, it may well be questioned whether it would not have been greatly to her benefit in the end to have had slavery continue a century or so longer—its ultimate extinction being certain—rather than to have had her attain freedom as she actually did, with the results that have flowed from her action. When an evil of colossal size exists, it

¹ From Roosevelt's "Life of Thomas H. Benton." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright 1886.

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is often the case that there is no possible way of dealing with it that will not itself be fraught with baleful results. Nor can the ultra-philanthropic method be always, or even often, accepted as the best. If there is one question upon which the philanthropists of the present day, especially the more emotional ones, are agreed, it is that any law restricting Chinese immigration is an outrage; yet it seems incredible that any man of even moderate intelligence should not see that no greater calamity could now befall the United States than to have the Pacific slope fill up with a Mongolian population.

The cause of the Abolitionists has had such a halo shed round it by the after-course of events, which they themselves in reality did very little to shape, that it has been usual to speak of them with absurdly exaggerated praise. Their courage, and for the most part their sincerity, cannot be too highly spoken of, but their share in abolishing slavery was far less than has commonly been represented; any single non-Abolitionist politician like Lincoln or Seward, did more than all the professional Abolitionists combined really to bring about its destruction. The Abolition societies were only in a very restricted degree the causes of the growing feeling in the North against slavery; they are rather to be regarded as themselves manifestations or accompaniments of that feeling.

The anti-slavery outburst in the Northern States over the admission of Missouri took place a dozen years before there was an Abolition society in existence; and the influence of the professional Abolitionists upon the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment as often as not merely warped it and twisted

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it out of proper shape—as when at one time they showed a strong inclination to adopt disunion views, altho it was self-evident that by no possibility could slavery be abolished unless the Union was preserved. Their tendency toward impracticable methods was well shown in the position they assumed toward him who was not only the greatest American, but also the greatest man, of the nineteenth century; for during all the terrible four years that sad, strong, patient Lincoln worked and suffered for the people, he had to dread the influence of the extreme Abolitionists only less than that of the Copperheads.² Many of their leaders possess no good qualities beyond their fearlessness and truth—qualities that were also possessed by the Southern fire-eaters. They belonged to that class of men that is always engaged in some agitation or other; only it happened that in this particular agitation they were right. Wendell Phillips may be taken as a very good type of the whole. His services against slavery prior to the war should always be remembered with gratitude; but after the war, and until the day of his death, his position on almost every public question was either mischievous or ridiculous, and usually both.

When the Abolitionist movement started it was avowedly designed to be cosmopolitan in character; the originators looked down upon any merely national or patriotic feeling. This again deservedly took away from their influence. In fact, it would have been most unfortunate had the majority of the Northerners been from the beginning in

² An opprobrious term applied during the Civil War to men in the North, chiefly Democrats, who were actively opposed to the prosecution of the war.

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hearty accord with the Abolitionists; at the best it would have resulted at that time in the disruption of the Union and the perpetuation of slavery in the South.

But after all is said, the fact remains, that on the main issue the Abolitionists were at least working in the right direction. Sooner or later, by one means or another, slavery had to go. It is beyond doubt a misfortune that in certain districts the bulk of the population should be composed of densely ignorant negroes, often criminal or vicious in their instincts; but such is the case, and the best, and indeed the only proper course to pursue, is to treat them with precisely the same justice that is meted out to whites. The effort to do so in time immediately past has not resulted so successfully as was hoped and expected; but nevertheless no other way would have worked as well.

III

BY CARL SCHURZ¹

This Abolition agitation was carried on with singular devotion, but its startling radicalism did not at first enlist large numbers of converts, or result in the organization of a political force that might have made itself felt at the polls. It did, however, have the effect of exciting great irritation and

¹ From Schurz's "Life of Henry Clay." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright, 1887.

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alarm among the slaveholders, and among those in the North who feared that a searching discussion of the slavery question might disturb the peace of the country; and thus it started a commotion of grave consequences.

About that time the South was in an unusually nervous state of mind. In 1831 an insurrection of slaves broke out in Virginia under the leadership of Nat Turner, a religious fanatic. It was easily suppressed, but caused a widespread panic. In 1833 the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies made the slaveholders keenly sensible of the hostility of public opinion in the outside world, and increased their alarm.

Events like these gave the agitation of the Abolitionists a new significance. The slave power found it necessary to assert to the utmost, not only its constitutional rights, but also its moral position. Abandoning its apologetic attitude, it proclaimed its belief that slavery was not an evil, but economically, politically, and morally a positive good, and "the corner-stone of the republican edifice." It fiercely denounced the Northern Abolitionists as reckless incendiaries, inciting the slaves to insurrection, rapine, and murder—as enemies to the country, as fiends in human shape, who deserved the halter. What disturbed the slaveholders most was the instinctive feeling that now they had to meet an antagonist who was inspired by something akin to religious enthusiasm, which could neither be argued with nor cajoled nor frightened, but could be suppressed only with a strong hand, if it could be suppressed at all. They imperiously demanded of the people of the North that the abolitionists be silenced by force; that laws be made to imprison

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their orators, to stop their presses, to prevent the circulation of their tracts, and by every means to put down their agitation. They said that, unless this were done, the Union could not be maintained.

In the North their appeal did not remain unheeded. A fierce outcry arose in the Free States against the Abolitionists. Turbulent mobs, composed in part of men of property and prominent standing, broke up their meetings, destroyed their printing-offices, wrecked their houses, and threatened them with violent death. There were riotous attacks upon anti-slavery gatherings in Philadelphia, New York, Utica, and Montpelier. In Boston, William Lloyd Garrison² was dragged through the streets with a halter round his body. In Connecticut and New Hampshire, schools which received colored pupils were sacked.³ In Cincinnati, a large meeting of citizens resolved that an anti-slavery paper published there must cease to appear, and that there must be "total silence on the subject of slavery." An excited mob executed the decree, threw the press into the Ohio, and looted the homes of colored people. Some time later, Pennsylvania Hall, the meeting-house of the Abolitionists, was burned in Philadelphia, and Elijah P. Lovejoy⁴ was murdered in Illinois.

It was a strange commotion. There was the timid citizen, who feared that the anti-slavery agi-

² See an account by Mr. Garrison himself on page 169 of this volume.

³ One of these schools was kept by Prudence Crandall in Canterbury, Conn. She was arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned. Her house was afterward attacked and partially destroyed.

⁴ For Horace Greeley's account of the murder of Lovejoy see page 173 of this volume.

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tation might split the Union, and believed that the Abolitionists were bent upon inciting slave insurrection; there was the politician, intent upon currying favor with the South; there was the merchant and manufacturer, anxious to protect his Southern market against disturbance, and to please his Southern customer; there was the fanatic of stability, cursing everybody who, as he thought, "wanted to make trouble"; there was the man who "had always been opposed to slavery as much as anybody," but who detested the Abolitionists because they would sacrifice the country to their one idea, presumed to sit in judgment upon other good people's motives, and accused them of "compounding with crime"; there was the rabble, bent upon keeping the negro still beneath them in the social scale, and delighting in riotous excesses as a congenial pastime—all these elements cooperating in the persecution of a few men, who in all sincerity followed the dictates of their consciences, and, somewhat ahead of their time, demanded the general and immediate application of principles which, at the North, almost everybody had accepted in the abstract. . . .

The number of Abolition societies grew, not rapidly, but steadily. The leading Abolitionists themselves never became popular with the multitude. With many men, the intrusive admonition of conscience is peculiarly irritating. But the immediate effect of their work has frequently been much underrated. The Abolitionists served to keep alive in the Northern mind that secret trouble of conscience about slavery which later, in a ripe political situation, was to break out as a great force.

CALHOUN'S VIEWS OF SLAVERY, HIS CHARACTER, AND HIS PERSONALITY

BY JOHN S. JENKINS¹

Calhoun's view was that slavery ought not to be considered, as it exists in the United States, in the abstract; but rather as a political institution, existing prior to the formation of the government and expressly recognized in the Constitution. The framers of that instrument regarded slaves as property, and admitted the right of ownership in them. The institution being thus acknowledged, he contended that the faith of all the States was pledged against any interference with it in the States in which it existed; and that in the District of Columbia, and in the territories from which slavery had not been excluded by the Missouri Compromise, being the common property of all the States, the owner of slaves enjoyed the same rights and was entitled to the same protection, if he chose to emigrate thither, or if already a resident, as if he were in one of the slave States—in other words, that upon common soil his right of property should be respected. Any interference with it, therefore, direct or indirect, immediate or remote, he felt bound to oppose, and did oppose to the very close of his life.

¹ From Jackson's "Life of Calhoun," published just after Calhoun's death, in 1850.

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He held, too, that it was desirable to continue the institution at the South; that it had been productive of more good than harm; and that "in no other condition, or in any other age or country, [had] the negro race ever attained so high an elevation in morals, intelligence, or civilization." Slavery, he was accustomed to say, existed in some form or another, in all civilized countries; and he was disposed to doubt the correctness of the sentiment contained in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal. Natural rights, indeed, in every age, in every country, and under every form of government, have been, and are, regulated and controlled by political institutions. He considered the colored population as constituting an inferior race, and that slavery was not a degradation, but had the direct tendency to improve their moral, social, and intellectual condition. The situation of the slaves was an enviable one in comparison with that of the free negroes at the North, or with that of the operatives in the manufactories and the laboring classes generally in Great Britain. Of what value, except relatively, he asked—and asked, too, with a great deal of pertinence—were political rights, when he saw thousands of voters, in the Northern States, in the service of powerful monopolies or employed on public works, fairly driven to the polls with ballots in their hands?

The negro slave, he contended, felt and acknowledged his inferiority, and regarded his position as a proper and natural one. The two races in the Southern States were almost equal in numbers. They could not live upon terms of equality. "It may, in truth, be assumed as a maxim," was his

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language, "that two races differing so greatly, and in so many respects, can not possibly exist together in the same country, where their numbers are nearly equal, without the one being subjected to the other. Experience has proved that the existing relation, in which the one is subjected to the other, in the slaveholding States, is consistent with the peace and safety of both, with great improvement to the inferior; while the same experience proves that . . . the abolition of slavery would (if it did not destroy the inferior by conflicts, to which it would lead) reduce it to the extremes of vice and wretchedness. In this view of the subject, it may be asserted, that what is called slavery is in reality a political institution, essential to the peace, safety, and prosperity of those States of the Union in which it exists."

Entertaining these views, it is not strange that Mr. Calhoun regarded the movements of the Abolitionists as being dictated by a false philanthropy, and that he thought them calculated, if persisted in, to jeopard the happiness and tranquillity of the slave States, and to endanger the peace of the Union; nor that he so often warned his fellow citizens of the Southern States against the designs openly avowed, or secretly cherished, which, if not early opposed or counteracted, would prove highly prejudicial to their interests and their welfare. Where so much was at stake, he thought it well to be wise in time. . . .

No one ever saw Mr. Calhoun for the first time without being forcibly imprest with the conviction of his mental superiority. There was that in his air and in his appearance which carried with it the assurance that he was no common man. He had

not Hyperion's curls, nor the front of Jove. Miss Martineau termed him, in her "Travels in America," the cast-iron man, "who looked as if he had never been born." In person he was tall and slender, and his frame appeared gradually to become more and more attenuated till he died. His features were harsh and angular in their outlines, presenting a combination of the Greek and the Roman. A serene and almost stony calm was habitual to them when in repose, but when enlivened in conversation or debate, their play was remarkable—the lights were brought out into bolder relief, and the shadows thrown into deeper shade.

His countenance, when at rest, indicated abstraction or a preoccupied air, and a stranger on approaching him could scarcely avoid an emotion of fear; yet he could not utter a word before the fire of genius blazed from his eye and illuminated his expressive features. His individuality was stamped upon his acute and intelligent face, and the lines of character and thought were clearly and strongly defined. His forehead was broad, tolerably high, and compact, denoting the mass of brain behind it. Until he had passed the grand climacteric, he wore his hair short and brushed it back, so that it stood erect on the top of his head, like bristles on the angry boar, or "quills upon the fretful porcupine," but toward the close of his life he suffered it to grow long, and to fall in heavy masses over his temples. But his eyes were his most striking features: they were dark blue, large and brilliant; in repose glowing with a steady light, in action fairly emitting flashes of fire.

His character was marked and decided, not prematurely exhibiting its peculiarities, yet formed

and perfected at an early age. He was firm and prompt, manly and independent. His sentiments were noble and elevated, and everything mean or groveling was foreign to his nature. He was easy in his manners, and affable and dignified. His attachments were warm and enduring; he did not manifest his affection with enthusiastic fervor, but with deep earnestness and sincerity. He was kind, generous and charitable; honest and frank; faithful to his friends, but somewhat inclined to be unforgiving toward his enemies. He was attached to his principles and prejudices with equal tenacity; and when he had adopted an opinion, so strong was his reliance upon the correctness of his own judgment, that he often doubted the wisdom and sincerity of those who disagreed with him. He never shrank from the performance of any duty, however painful it might be—that it was a duty, was sufficient for him. He possessed pride of character in no ordinary degree, and, withal, not a little vanity, which is said always to accompany true genius. His devotion to the South was not sectional so much as it was the natural consequence of his views with reference to the theory of the government; and his patriotism, like his fame, was coextensive with the Union.

In private life he was fitted to be loved and respected. Like Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and the younger Adams, he was simple in his habits. When at home, he usually rose at daybreak, and, if the weather admitted, took a walk over his farm. He breakfasted at half-past seven, and then retired to his office, which stood near his dwelling-house, where he wrote till dinner time, or three o'clock. After dinner he read or conversed with

his family till sunset, when he took another walk. His tea hour was eight o'clock; he then joined his family again, and passed the time in conversation or reading till ten o'clock, when he retired to rest. As a citizen, he was without blemish; he wronged no one; and there were no ugly spots on his character to dim the brilliancy of his public career. His social qualities were endearing, and his conversational powers fascinating in the extreme. He loved to talk with the young; he was especially animated and instructive when engaged in conversation with them, and scarcely ever failed to inspire a sincere attachment in the breasts of those who listened to him. He frequently corresponded, too, with young men, and almost the last letter he wrote was addrest to a protégé attending a law school in New York, and was replete with kind advice and with expressions of friendly interest.

He conversed, perhaps, with too great freedom. He prided himself on being unreserved in the expression of his opinions, and yet this was a fault in his character; for in the transaction of business, and in deciding and acting upon important political questions, he was ordinarily cautious and prudent. To his very frankness, therefore, may be attributed, not the misrepresentations, but the occasion of the misrepresentations, of which he was the victim. He often complained that he was not understood, but he sometimes forgot that those who would not comprehend him, might have been already prejudiced by some remark of his, made at the wrong time, or in the wrong presence.

His disposition was reflective, and he spent hours at a time in earnest thought. But he was exceedingly fond of reading history and books of travel.

CALHOUN'S VIEWS AND CHARACTER

Works on government, on the rise and fall of empires, on the improvement and decline of the races of mankind and the struggles and contests of one with another, always attracted his attention. Indeed, his whole life was one of study and thought.

In his dress he was very plain, and rarely appeared in anything except a simple suit of black. His constitution was not naturally robust; but notwithstanding the ceaseless labors of his mind, by a strict attention to regimen and the avoidance of all stimulants, his life was prolonged almost to the allotted three score and ten.

To say that he possessed a great mind would be only repeating a trite remark. It was one of extraordinary compass and power. His rivals and compeers were intellectual giants, and among them he occupied no subordinate position. The most prominent characteristics of his mind were its massiveness and solidity, its breadth and scope, the clearness of its perceptions, and the directness with which they were expressed. It was well balanced, because it was self-poised, and he did not often "o'erstep the modesty of nature."

He was neither metaphysical nor subtle, in the sense in which mere schoolmen use those terms. He had studied the philosophy as well as the rules of logic; or, if not that, the faculty of reasoning with accuracy was natural to him. He was capable of generalizing and of drawing nice distinctions. He was shrewd in argument, and quick to observe the weak points of an antagonist. Of dialectics he was a complete master, whether synthetically or analytically considered. But his great power lay in analysis. He could resolve a complex argument or an idea into its original parts with as much

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facility as the most expert mechanic could take a watch in pieces; and it was his very exquisiteness in this respect, that caused him to be regarded by many as sophistical and metaphysical.

He was fond of tracing out the causes which led to an effect, and of considering the vast combinations of circumstances that produced a certain result, or what in politics he called a juncture or a crisis. In the readiness and rapidity with which he analyzed and classified his thoughts, he had no superior, if he had an equal, among the public men of his day. While at the law school in Litchfield,² he accustomed himself to arrange the order of his thoughts, before taking part in a debate, not upon paper but in his mind, and to depend on his memory, which was peculiarly retentive. In this manner both his mind and memory were strengthened, and the former was made to resemble a storehouse full to overflowing, but with everything in its appropriate place and ready for

Like his life, his style was simple and pure, yet, for this very reason, often rising to an elevation of grandeur and dignity, which elaborate finish can never attain. It was modeled after the ancient classics, and distinguished for its clearness, directness, and energetic earnestness. His words were well chosen, and showed severe discipline in his early studies; but he never stopt to pick or cull them in the midst of a speech, for at such times his ideas seemed to come forth full draperied, like

² Litchfield, Conn., where flourished a well-known law school of the period. Litchfield in 1810 became the home of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and there soon afterward were born Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Calhoun was a student there a few years before Dr. Beecher arrived.

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Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. He occasionally made use of a startling figure, or an antithetical expression, but there was no redundancy of ornament, tho—if that could be a blemish—there was a redundancy of thought. . . .

As a statesman, his course was independent and high-minded. Principles he regarded as practical things, and he was firm in adhering to them, and bold and fearless in attacking error. He united the fiery ardor of Mirabeau to the steadiness of Malesherbes—the daring of Canning to the moderation of Liverpool. Few men possess a more happy faculty of ingratiating themselves into the favor of new acquaintances; but he never practised the arts of the demagog, and, as he used to say, he was “an object of as great curiosity to people outside of a circle of five miles in this State [South Carolina] as anywhere else.” He was ambitious, but his ambition was of a lofty character. He was not indifferent to party obligations, but he thought they ought to be limited to matters of detail and minor questions of policy, and not extended to important principles. . . .

“People do not understand liberty or majorities,” he remarked. “The will of a majority is the will of a rabble. Progressive democracy is incompatible with liberty. Those who study after this fashion are yet in the hornbook, the a, b, c of governments. Democracy is leveling—this is inconsistent with true liberty. Anarchy is more to be dreaded than despotic power. It is the worst tyranny. The best government is that which draws least from the people, and is scarcely felt, except to execute justice, and to protect the people from animal violation of law.”

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These opinions undoubtedly indicate the existence of a morbid melancholy in the breast of their author—of a proneness to look upon the dark side of human nature—yet they were uttered in all sincerity.

Possessing such exalted talents, the question may be asked, why Mr. Calhoun did not reach the Presidency; for his aspirations were often turned in that direction, tho he would sacrifice no principle to reach that high station. A late writer has enumerated three obstacles—his unconquerable independence, his incorruptible integrity, and the philosophical sublimity of his genius. That the first two contributed to this result is highly probable, but if by that other quality is meant an elevation of his genius entirely above the comprehension of the multitude, it is unjust to his character. He possessed no such transcendental faculty or attribute. Truth, in its simplicity and beauty—as Mr. Calhoun presented it—goes home to every heart.

The death of Mr. Calhoun was a loss to the Union but to South Carolina the blow was peculiarly severe. For more than forty years she had trusted and confided in him, and she never found him faithless or remiss in his duty. He had received many honors at her hands, but not one was undeserved—she owed him a debt of gratitude which she could never repay. She has produced many distinguished men; yet his memory and fame will be dearer than those of her Lawrences, her Gadsdens, her Pinckneys, her Rutledges, or her Haynes. Her soil contains no nobler dust than that of John Caldwell Calhoun.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

(1832)

BY REUBEN GOLD THWAITES¹

On Rock River, in Illinois, near its junction with the Mississippi, there was a considerable Sauk village, inhabited by a large band of active sympathizers with the British, and under the domination of Black Sparrow Hawk (commonly called Black Hawk), an ambitious, restless, and somewhat demagogic headman of the tribe. Altho himself "touching the quill" at both the treaty of 1804 and that with the Sauk and Foxes in May, 1816, he afterward denied the authority of the tribal chiefs to sign away the common lands, thereby ignoring his own earlier assent.

When, in 1816, the Federal Government treated separately therefor with the Ottawa, Chippewa, and Potawatomi, and it was found that the lower Rock River was south of the prescribed boundary line, the majority of the Saes and Foxes on that stream, under the Fox head-chief Keokuk, discreetly moved to the west of the Mississippi. But Black Hawk's "British band," as they were called—two hundred of them had fought under Tecumseh—continued to hold the old village site, where he himself was born, and where was the great cemetery of the tribe; quite ignoring the fact that their

¹ From Thwaites' "Wisconsin." By permission of Mr. Thwaites and by arrangement with his authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright 1908.

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tribal rights in the territory were no longer recognized by the United States.

White squatters, coveting land far beyond the frontier of legal entries, still some sixty miles eastward, began to annoy the Hawk as early as 1823, burning his lodges while he was absent on the hunt, destroying his crops, insulting his women, and now and then actually beating him and his people. Persistently advised by the tribal chiefs to abandon his town to the on-rushing tide of settlement, he nevertheless obstinately held his ground. In the spring of 1830 affairs had reached a crisis. When the British band returned from their winter's hunt they found their cemetery plowed over, for several squatters had now preempted the village site, the cemetery, and the extensive aboriginal planting grounds; yet a belt of forty miles of Indian lands still lay unsurveyed between this and the western line of regular settlement.

The indignant Hawk now took his band overland by the great Sac trail, south of Lake Michigan, to consult with his friend the British military agent at Malden, in Canada, not far from Detroit. He was there advised that the spirit of the treaty of 1804 had clearly been violated, and that if he persisted in repelling the squatters the Government's sense of fair play would surely support him; but the British official evidently had not carefully studied the trend of our Indian diplomacy. Thus fortified, Black Hawk returned to his village in the spring of 1831, his people in a starving condition, only to find white intruders more numerous and offensive than ever. He thereupon indiscreetly threatened them with force if they did not at once depart. This was construed as being a

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"bloody menace," and the Illinois militia were promptly called out by Governor John Reynolds in a flaming proclamation, to "repel the invasion of the British band." On June 25, the Hawk cowered before a demonstration made at his village by some seven hundred militiamen and regulars, and fled to the west of the Mississippi, humbly promising never to return without the express permission of the Federal Government.

Black Hawk, now a man of some fifty-four years, a somewhat remarkable organizer and military tactician, and for one of his race broad-minded and humane, was nevertheless too easily led by the advice of others. He was now beset by young Potawatomi hot-bloods from northeastern Illinois and along the western shore of Lake Michigan. scalp-hunters from the Winnebago and along the upper Rock River, and emissaries from the Ottawa and Chippewa, all of whom urged him to return and fight for his rights. Particularly was he influenced by a Winnebago soothsayer named White Cloud, who throughout was his evil genius. No crop had been raised, and the winter in Iowa was unusually harsh, so that by early spring the British band were menaced by famine.

Driven to desperation, and relying on these prof-ferers of intertribal assistance, the Hawk crossed the Mississippi at Yellow Banks, April 6, 1832, with five hundred warriors, mostly Sauk, accompanied by all their women, children, and domestic equipment. Their intention was to raise a crop at the Winnebago village at Prophet's Town, on Rock River, and then if practicable the bucks would take the warpath in the autumn.

But the news of the "invasion" spread like wild-

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fire through the Illinois and Wisconsin settlements. Another fiery proclamation from Springfield summoned the people to arms, the United States was also called on for troops, those settlers who did not fly the country threw up log forts, and everywhere was aroused intense excitement and feverish preparation for bloody strife.

In an incredibly short time, three hundred regulars and eighteen hundred horse and foot volunteers were on the march. The startled Hawk sent back a defiant message, and retreated up Rock River, making a brief stand at Stillman's Creek. Here, finding that the promised assistance from other tribes was not forthcoming, he attempted to surrender on stipulation that he be allowed peacefully to withdraw to the west of the Mississippi. But his messengers, on approaching with their white flag the camp of twenty-five hundred half-drunken Illinois cavalry militia, were brutally slain. Accompanied by a mere handful of braves, the enraged Sac leader now ambushed and easily routed the large and boisterous party, whose members displayed rank cowardice; in their mad retreat they spread broadcast through the settlements that Black Hawk was backed by two thousand bloodthirsty warriors, bent on a campaign of universal slaughter. This created popular consternation throughout the West. The name of the deluded Black Hawk became everywhere coupled with stories of savage cruelty, and served as a household bugaboo. Meanwhile, so great was the alarm that the Illinois militia, originally hot to take the field, now, on flimsy excuses, promptly disbanded.

Black Hawk himself was much encouraged by his easy victory at Stillman's Creek, and, laden

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with spoils from the militia camp, removed his women and children about seventy miles north-eastward, to the neighborhood of Lake Koshkong, near the headwaters of Rock River, a Wisconsin district girt about by great marshes and not then easily accessible to white troops. Thence descending with his braves to northern Illinois, where he had spasmodic help from small bands of young Winnebago and Potawatomi, the Hawk and his friends engaged in irregular hostilities along the Illinois-Wisconsin border, and made life miserable for the settlers and miners. In these various forays, with which, however, the Sac headman was not always connected, fully two hundred whites and nearly as many Indians, lost their lives. At the besieged blockhouse forts (particularly Plum River, in northern Illinois) there were numerous instances of romantic heroism on the part of the settlers, men and women alike; and several of the open fights, like one on the Peckatonica River, are still famous in local annals.

Three weeks after the Stillman's Creek affair, a reorganized army of 3,200 Illinois militia was mobilized, being reenforced by regulars under General Atkinson and a battalion of two hundred mounted rangers from the lead region, enlisted by Major Henry Dodge, then commandant of Michigan militia west of Lake Michigan, and in later years governor of Wisconsin Territory. The entire army now in the field numbered about 4,000 effective men. Dodge's rangers, gathered from the mines and fields, were a free-and-easy set of fellows, destitute of uniforms, but imbued with the spirit of adventure and the customary frontiersmen's intense hatred of the Indians whom they

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had ruthlessly displaced. While disciplined to the extent of obeying orders whenever sent into the teeth of danger, these Rough Riders of 1832 swung through the country with small regard for the rules of the manual, and presented a striking contrast to the habits and appearance of the regulars.

As the new army slowly but steadily moved up Rock River, Black Hawk retired toward his Lake Koshkonong base. The pursuit becoming too warm, however, he retreated hastily across country, with women and children and all the paraphernalia of the British band, to the Wisconsin River, in the neighborhood of Prairie du Sac; on his way crossing the site of the present Madison, where he was caught up with by his pursuers, now more swift in their movements. On reaching the rugged bluffs overlooking the Wisconsin, he sought again to surrender; but there chanced to be no interpreter among the whites, and the unfortunate suppliant was misunderstood. The battle of Wisconsin Heights followed (July 21), without appreciable loss on either side. Here the Sauk leader displayed much skill in covering the flight of his people across the broad, island-strewn river.

A portion of the fugitives, chiefly women and children, escaped on a raft down the Wisconsin, but near Prairie du Chien were mercilessly fired upon by a detachment from the garrison of Fort Crawford, and fifteen killed. The remainder, led by Black Hawk and some Winnebago guides, pushed across through a rough, forbidding country, to the junction of the Bad Ax with the Mississippi, losing many along the way, who died of wounds and starvation. The now sadly depleted and almost famished crew reached the Mississippi on the first

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of August, and attempted to cross the river to the habitat of the Sioux, fondly hoping that their troubles would then be over. But only two or three canoes were obtainable, and the work was not only slow, but, owing to the swift current, accompanied by some loss of life.

In the afternoon the movement was detected by the crew of the *Warrior*, a government supply steamer carrying a detachment of soldiers from Fort Crawford. A third time the Hawk sought to surrender, but his white signal was fired at, under pretense that it was a savage ruse, and round after round of canister swept the wretched camp. The next day (August 2) the troops, who had been delayed for three days in crossing Wisconsin River, were close upon their heels, and arrived on the heights overlooking the beach. The *Warrior* thereupon renewed its attack, and caught between two galling fires the poor savages soon succumbed. Black Hawk fled inland to seek an asylum at the Dells of the Wisconsin with his false friends, the Winnebago, who had guided the white army along his path; fifty of his people remained on the east bank and were taken prisoners by the troops; some three hundred miserable starvelings, largely non-combatants, reached the west shore through the hail of metal, only to be waylaid by Sioux, dispatched by army officials to intercept them, and half of their number were slain. Of the band of a thousand Sacs who had entered Illinois in April, not much over a hundred and fifty lived to tell of the Black Hawk War, one of the most discreditable punitive expeditions in the long and checkered history of American relations with the aborigines.

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As for the indiscreet but honest Black Hawk, in many ways one of the most interesting of North American Indians, he was promptly surrendered (August 27) by the Winnebago to the Indian agency at Prairie du Chien. Imprisoned first at Jefferson Barracks, and then at Fortress Monroe,² exhibited to throngs of curiosity-seeking people in the Eastern States, and obliged to sign articles of perpetual peace, he was finally turned over for safe-keeping to his hated and hating rival, the Fox chief Keokuk. In 1834 his autobiography was published—a book probably authentic for the most part, but the stilted style is no doubt that of his white editor.

Dying in 1838 (October 3) upon a small reservation in Iowa, Black Hawk's grave was rifled by a traveling physician, who utilized the bones for exhibition purposes. Two years later the skeleton was, on the demand of indignant sympathizers, surrendered to the State of Iowa; but in 1853 the box containing it was destroyed by a fire at Iowa City, then the capital of that commonwealth.

With all his faults, and these were chiefly racial, Black Hawk was preeminently a patriot. A year before his death he made a speech to a party of whites who were making him a holiday hero, and thus forcibly defended his motives: "Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my town, my corn-fields, and the home of my people. I fought for them." No poet could have penned for him a more touching epitaph.

² Black Hawk was taken to Fortress Monroe by Jefferson Davis, then a young lieutenant from West Point, and afterward President of the Confederacy. It is curious that Abraham Lincoln and Robert Anderson, who commanded Fort Sumter, also took part in the Black Hawk War.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE UNITED STATES BANK

(1832)

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT¹

Jackson's attack upon the Bank was a move undertaken mainly on his own responsibility, and one which, at first, most of his prominent friends were alarmed to see him undertake. Benton alone supported him from the beginning. Captain and lieutenant alike intensely appreciated the joy of battle; they cared for a fight because it was a fight, and the certainty of a struggle, such as would have daunted weaker or more timid men, simply offered to them an additional inducement to follow out the course they had planned. Benton's thorough-going support was invaluable to Jackson. The President sorely needed a friend in the Senate who would uphold him through thick and thin, and who yet commanded the respect of all his opponents by his strength, ability, and courage. To be sure, Benton's knowledge of financial economics was not always profound; but, on the other hand, a thorough mastery of the laws of finance would have been, in this fight, a very serious disadvantage to any champion of Jackson. . . .

The struggle first became important when the

¹ From Roosevelt's "Life of Thomas H. Benton." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright 1886.

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question of the recharter of the Bank was raised, toward the end of Jackson's first term, the present charter still having three years to run. This charter had in it many grave faults; and there might well be a question as to whether it should be renewed. The Bank itself, beyond doubt, possessed enormous power; too much power for its own or outsiders' good. Its president, Biddle,² was a man of some ability, but conceited to the last degree, untruthful, and to a certain extent unscrupulous in the use he made of the political influence of the great moneyed institution over which he presided. Some of the financial theories on which he managed the Bank were wrong; yet, on the whole, it was well conducted, and under its care the monetary condition of the country was quiet and good, infinitely better than it had been before, or than, under the auspices of the Jacksonian Democracy, it afterward became. . . .

Jackson, in his first annual message, in 1829, had hinted that he was opposed to the recharter of the Bank, then a question of the future and not to arise for four or five years. At the same time he had called in question the constitutionality and expediency of the Bank's existence, and had criticized as vicious its currency system. The matter of constitutionality had been already decided by the Supreme Court, the proper tribunal, and was, and had been for years, an accepted fact; it was an absurdity to call it in question. As regards the matter of expediency, certainly the Jacksonians failed signally to put anything better in its

² Nicholas Biddle was a native of Philadelphia, born in 1786, and died there in 1844. He was president of the bank from 1823 to 1836.

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place. Yet it was undeniable that there were grave defects in the currency system.

The President's message roused but little interest, and what little it did rouse was among the Bank's friends. At once these began to prepare the way for the recharter by an active and extensive agitation in its favor. The main bank was at Philadelphia, but it had branches everywhere, and naturally each branch bank was a center of opposition to the President's proposed policy. As the friends of the Bank were greatly interested, and as the matter did not immediately concern those who afterward became its foes, the former, for the time, had it all their own way, and the drift of public opinion seemed to be strongly in its favor.

Early in 1831 Benton asked leave to introduce a resolution against the recharter of the Bank; his purpose being merely to give formal notice of war against it, and to attempt to stir up a current of feeling counter to that which then seemed to be generally prevailing in its favor. In his speech he carefully avoided laying stress upon any such abstract point as that of constitutionality, and dwelt instead upon the questions that would affect the popular mind; assailing the Bank "as having too much power over the people and the government, over business and politics, and as too much disposed to exercise that power to the prejudice of the freedom and equality which should prevail in a republic, to be allowed to exist in our country." The force of such an argument in a popular election will be acknowledged by all practical politicians. . . .

The advocates of the Bank were still in the majority in both houses of Congress, and soon began

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preparations for pushing through a bill for the recharter. The issue began to become political. Webster, Clay, and most of the other anti-administration men were for the Bank; and so when the convention of the National Republicans, who soon afterward definitely assumed the name of Whigs, took place, they declared heartily in its favor, and nominated for the Presidency its most enthusiastic supporter, Henry Clay. The Bank itself unquestionably preferred not to be dragged into politics; but Clay, thinking he saw a chance for a successful stroke, fastened upon it, and the convention that nominated him made the fight against Jackson on the ground that he was hostile to the Bank. Even had this not already been the case no more certain method of insuring his hostility could have been adopted.

Still, however, many of Jackson's supporters were also advocates of recharter; and the bill for that purpose commanded the majority in Congress. Benton took the lead in organizing the opposition, not with the hope of preventing its passage, but "to attack incessantly, assail at all points, display the evil of the institution, rouse the people, and prepare them to sustain the veto." In other words, he was preparing for an appeal to the people, and working to secure an anti-Bank majority in the next Congress. . . .

Webster made the great argument in favor of the recharter bill. Benton took the lead in opposition, stating, what was probably true—that the bill was brought up so long before the charter expired for political reasons, and criticizing it as premature; a criticism unfortunately applicable with even greater force to Jackson's message. His

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speech was largely mere talking against time, and he wandered widely from the subject. Among other things he invoked the aid of the principle of States' rights, because the Bank then had power to establish branches in any State, whether the latter liked it or not, and free from State taxation. But in spite of all that Benton could do the bill passed both Houses, the Senate voting in its favor by twenty-eight ayes against twenty nays.

Jackson, who never feared anything, and was more than ready to accept the fight which was in some measure forced on him, yet which in some degree he had courted, promptly vetoed the bill³ in a message which stated some truths forcibly and fearlessly, which developed some very queer constitutional and financial theories, and which contained a number of absurdities, evidently put in, not for the benefit of the Senate, but to influence voters at the coming Presidential election. The leaders of the opposition felt obliged to make a show of trying to pass the bill over the veto in order to get a chance to answer Jackson. Webster again opened the argument. Clay made the fiercest onslaught, assailing the President personally, besides attacking the veto power, and trying to discredit its use. But the Presidential power of veto is among the best features of our government, and Benton had no difficulty in making a good defence of it.

The debate concluded with a sharp and undignified interchange of personalities between the Missouri and Kentucky Senators, Clay giving Benton the lie direct, and the latter retorting in kind. Each side, of course, predicted the utter ruin of

³ See page 108 of this volume for Jackson's veto message

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the country, if the other prevailed. Benton said that, if the Bank conquered, the result would be the establishment of an oligarchy, and then of a monarchy, and finally the death of the republic by corruption. Webster stated as his belief that, if the sentiments of the veto message received general approbation, the Constitution could not possibly survive its fiftieth year. Webster, however, in that debate, showed to good advantage. Benton was no match for him, either as a thinker or as a speaker; but with the real leader of the Whig party, Henry Clay, he never had much cause to fear comparison.

All the State banks were of course rabidly in favor of Jackson; and the Presidential election of 1832 was largely fought on the bank issue. In Pennsylvania, however, the feeling for the Bank was only less strong than that for Jackson; and accordingly that Boetian community sapiently cast its electoral votes for the latter, while instructing its senators and representatives to support the former. But the complete and hopeless defeat of Clay by Jackson sealed the fate of the Bank. Jackson was not even content to let it die naturally by the lapse of its charter. His attitude toward it so far had been one for which much could be said; indeed, very good grounds can be shown for thinking his veto proper. But of the impropriety of his next step there could be no possible question. Congress had passed a resolution declaring its belief in the safety of the United States deposits in the Bank; but the President, in the summer of 1833, removed these deposits and placed them in certain State banks. He experienced some difficulty in getting a secretary of the treasury

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who would take such a step; finally he found one in Taney.⁴

The Bank memorialized Congress at once; and the anti-administration majority in the Senate forthwith took up the quarrel. They first rejected Jackson's nominations for Bank directors, and then refused to confirm Taney himself. Two years later Jackson made the latter Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in which position he lived to do even more mischief than he had time or opportunity to accomplish as secretary of the treasury. . . .

Clay introduced a resolution directing the return of the deposits; Benton opposed it; it passed by a vote of twenty-eight to eighteen, but was lost in the House. Clay then introduced a resolution demanding to know from the President whether the paper alleged to have been published by his authority as having been read to the Cabinet, in relation to the removal of the deposits, was genuine or not; and, if it was, asking for a copy. Benton opposed the motion, which nevertheless passed. But the President refused to accede to the demand. Meanwhile the new departure in banking, inaugurated by the President, was working badly. One of the main grounds for removing the deposits was the allegation that they were used to debauch politics. This was never proved against the old

⁴ Roger Brooke Taney, born in Maryland in 1777, died in Washington in 1864. He was United States Attorney-General at the time of his selection by Jackson for Secretary of the Treasury. Altho Congress was not then in session and he could not be confirmed, Taney removed the deposits from the Bank. His nomination was afterward rejected by the Senate. Taney became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1836, when he rendered the famous decision in the Dred Scott case in 1857. In 1861 he administered the oath of office to Lincoln as President.

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United States Bank; but under Jackson's administration, which corrupted the public service in every way, the deposits became fruitful sources of political reward and bribery.

Clay then introduced his famous resolution censuring the President for his action, and supported it in a long and fiery speech; a speech which, like most of Clay's, was received by his followers at the time with rapture, but in which this generation fails to find the sign of that remarkable ability with which his own contemporaries credited the great Kentuckian. He attacked Jackson with fierce invective, painting him as an unscrupulous tyrant, who was inaugurating a revolution in the government of the Union. But he was outdone by Calhoun, who, with continual interludes of complacent references to the good already done by the Nullifiers, assailed Jackson as one of a band of artful, corrupt, and cunning politicians, and drew a picture even more lurid than Clay's of the future of the country, and the danger of impending revolution. Webster's speeches were more self-contained in tone. Benton was the only Jacksonian senator who could contend with the great Nullifier and the two great Whigs; and he replied at length, and in much the same style as they had spoken.

The Senate was flooded with petitions in favor of the Bank, which were presented with suitable speeches by the leading Whigs. Benton ridiculed the exaggerated tone of alarm in which these petitions were drawn, and declared that the panic, excitement, and suffering existing in business circles throughout the country were due to the deliberate design of the Bank, and afforded a fresh proof that the latter was a dangerous power.

The resolution of censure was at last passed by a vote of twenty-six to twenty, and Jackson, in a fury, sent in a written protest against it, which the Senate refused to receive. The excitement all over the country was intense throughout the struggle. The suffering, which was really caused by the President's act, but which was attributed by his supporters to the machinations of the Bank, was very real; even Benton admitted this, altho contending that it was not a natural result of the policy pursued, but had been artificially excited—or, as he very clumsily phrased it, “tho fictitious and forged, yet the distress was real, and did an immensity of damage.” Neither Jackson nor Benton yielded an inch to the outside pressure; the latter was the soul of the fight in Congress, making over thirty speeches during the struggle. . . .

Webster, in an effort to make the best of untoward circumstances, brought in a bill to re-charter the Bank for a short period, at the same time doing away with some of the features that were objectionable in the old charter. This bill might have passed, had it not been opposed by the extreme Bank men, including Clay and Calhoun. In the course of the debate over it Benton delivered a very elaborate and carefully studied speech in favor of hard money and a currency of the precious metals; a speech which is to this day well worth careful reading. Some of his financial theories were crude and confused; but on the main question he was perfectly sound. Both he and Jackson deserve great credit for having done much to impress the popular mind with the benefit of hard, that is to say, honest money. Benton was the strongest hard-money man then in public

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life, being indeed, popularly nicknamed "Old Bullion." He thoroughly appreciated that a metallic currency was of more vital importance to the laboring men and to men of small capital generally than to any of the richer classes. . . .

Benton continued his speeches. The panic was now subsiding; there had not been time for Jackson's ruinous policy of making deposits in numerous State banks, and thereby encouraging wild inflation of credit, to bear fruit and, as it afterward did, involve the whole country in financial disaster.⁵ Therefore Benton was able to exult greatly over the favorable showing of affairs in the report of the secretary of the treasury. He also procured the passage of a gold currency law, which, however, fixed the ratio of value between gold and silver at sixteen to one; an improper proportion, but one which had prevailed for three centuries in the Spanish-American countries, from which he copied it. In consequence of this law gold, long banished, became once more a circulating medium of exchange.

The Bank of the United States afterward was turned into the State Bank of Pennsylvania; it was badly managed and finally became insolvent. The Jacksonians accepted its downfall as a vindication of their policy; but in reality it was due to causes not operative at the time of the great struggle between the President and the Senate over its continued existence. Certainly by no possible financial policy could it have produced such widespread ruin and distress as did the system introduced by Jackson.

⁵ The panic of 1837 described by the late Edward M. Shepard on later pages of this volume.

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Long after the Bank controversy had lost all practical bearing it continued to be agitated by the chief parties to it, who still felt sore from the various encounters. Jackson assailed it again in his message; a friendly committee of the Senate investigated it and reported in its favor, besides going out of their way to rake up charges against Jackson and Benton. The latter replied in a long speech, and became involved in personalities with the chairman, Tyler of Virginia. Neither side paid attention to any but the partizan aspect of the question, and the discussions were absolutely profitless.

The whole matter was threshed over again and again, long after nothing but chaff was left, during the debates on Benton's expunging resolution. The original resolution of censure may have been of doubtful propriety; but it was passed, was entered on the record, and had become a part of the journal of the Senate. It would have been perfectly proper to pass another resolution condemning or reversing the original one, and approving the course of the President; but it was in the highest degree improper to set about what was in form falsifying the record. Still, Benton found plenty of precedents in the annals of other legislative bodies for what he proposed to do, and the country, as a whole, backed him up heartily. He was further stimulated by the knowledge that there was probably no other legislative act in which Jackson took such intense interest, or which could so gratify his pride; the mortification to Clay and Calhoun would be equally great. Benton's motion failed more than once, but the complexion of the Senate was rapidly changed by the various States

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substituting Democratic for Whig or anti-Jackson senators. Some of the changes were made, as in Virginia, by senators refusing to vote for the expunging resolution, as required by the State legislatures, and then resigning their seats, pursuant to a ridiculous theory of the ultra Democrats, which, if carried out, would completely nullify the provision for a six years' senatorial term.

Finally, at the very close of Jackson's administration, Benton found himself with a fair majority behind him, and made the final move. His speech was of course mainly filled with a highly colored account of the blessings wrought for the American people by Andrew Jackson, and equally of course the latter was compared at length to a variety of ancient Roman worthies. The final scene in the Senate had an element of the comic about it. The expungers held a caucus and agreed to sit the session out until the resolution was passed; and, with prudent forethought, Benton, well aware that when hungry and tired his followers might show less inflexibility of purpose, provided in an adjoining committee-room "an ample supply of cold hams, turkeys, rounds of beef, pickles, wines, and cups of hot coffee," wherewith to inspirit the faint-hearted.

Fortified by the refreshments, the expungers won a complete victory. If the language of Jackson's admirers was overdrawn and strained to the last degree in lauding him for every virtue that he had or had not, it must be remembered that his opponents went quite as far wrong on the other side in their denunciations and extravagant prophecies of gloom. Webster made a very dignified and forcible speech in closing the argument against

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the resolution, but Calhoun and Clay were much less moderate—the latter drawing a vivid picture of a rapidly approaching reign of lawless military violence, and asserting that his opponents had “extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burned at the altar of civil liberty.” As a proper finale Jackson, to show his appreciation, gave a great dinner to the expungers and their wives, Benton sitting at the head of the table. Jackson and Benton solemnly thought that they were taking part in a great act of justice, and were amusingly unable to see the comic side of their acts. They probably really believed most of their own denunciations of the Bank, and very possibly thought that the wickedness of its followers might tempt them to do any desperate deed. At any rate they enjoyed posing alike to themselves and to the public as persons of antique virtue, who had risked both life and reputation in a hazardous but successful attempt to save the liberties of the people from the vast and hostile forces of the autocratic “money power.”

The best verdict on the expunging resolution was given by Webster when he characterized the whole affair as one which, if it were not regarded as a ruthless violation of a sacred instrument, would appear to be little elevated above the character of a contemptible farce.

II

JACKSON'S VETO MESSAGE¹

A Bank of the United States is in many respects convenient for the Government and useful to the people. Entertaining this opinion, and deeply impressed with the belief that some of the powers and privileges possessed by the existing Bank are unauthorized by the Constitution, subversive of the rights of the States, and dangerous to the liberties of the people, I felt it my duty, at an early period of my administration, to call the attention of Congress to the practicability of organizing an institution combining all its advantages, and obviating these objections. I sincerely regret that, in the act before me, I can perceive none of those modifications of the Bank charter which are necessary, in my opinion, to make it compatible with justice, with sound policy, or with the Constitution of our country.

Every monopoly, and all exclusive privileges, are granted at the expense of the public, which ought to receive a fair equivalent. The many millions which this act proposes to bestow on the stockholders of the existing Bank must come directly or indirectly out of the earnings of the American people. It is due to them, therefore, if their Government sell monopolies and exclusive privileges, that they should at least exact for them as much as they are worth in open market. The value of the

¹ Dated July 10, 1832. As printed in "American History Leaflets."

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monopoly in this case may be correctly ascertained. The twenty-eight millions of stock would probably be at an advance of fifty per cent., and command in market at least forty-two millions of dollars, subject to the payment of the present bonus. The present value of the monopoly, therefore, is seventeen millions of dollars, and this the act proposes to sell for three millions, payable in fifteen annual instalments of two hundred thousand dollars each.

It is not conceivable how the present stockholders can have any claim to the special favor of the Government. The present corporation has enjoyed its monopoly during the period stipulated in the original contract. If we must have such a corporation, why should not the Government sell out the whole stock, and thus secure to the people the full market value of the privileges granted? Why should not Congress create and sell twenty-eight millions of stock, incorporating the purchasers with all the powers and privileges secured in this act, and putting the premium upon the sales into the treasury.

It has been urged as an argument in favor of rechartering the present Bank, that the calling in its loans will produce great embarrassment and distress. The time allowed to close its concerns is ample; and if it has been well managed, its pressure will be light, and heavy only in case its management has been bad. If, therefore, it shall produce distress, the fault will be its own: and it would furnish a reason against renewing a power which has been so obviously abused. But will there ever be a time when this reason will be less powerful? To acknowledge its force is to admit that

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the Bank ought to be perpetual; and, as a consequence, the present stockholders, and those inheriting their rights as successors, be established a privileged order, clothed both with great political power and enjoying immense pecuniary advantages from their connection with the Government. The modifications of the existing charter, proposed by this act, are not such, in my views, as make it consistent with the rights of the States or the liberties of the people.

Is there no danger to our liberty and independence in a Bank that in its nature has so little to bind it to our country? The president of the Bank has told us that most of the State banks exist by its forbearance. Should its influence become concentrated, as it may under the operation of such an act as this, in the hands of a self-elected directory, whose interests are identified with those of the foreign stockholders, will there not be cause to tremble for the purity of our elections in peace, and for the independence of our country in war? Their power would be great whenever they might choose to exert it; but if this monopoly were regularly renewed every fifteen or twenty years, on terms proposed by themselves, they might seldom in peace put forth their strength to influence elections or control the affairs of the nation. But if any private citizen or public functionary should interpose to curtail its powers, or prevent a renewal of its privileges, it can not be doubted that he would be made to feel its influence.

Should the stock of the Bank principally pass into the hands of the subjects of a foreign country, and we should unfortunately become involved in a war with that country, what would be our condi-

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tion? Of the course which would be pursued by a bank almost wholly owned by the subjects of a foreign power, and managed by those whose interests, if not affections, would run in the same direction, there can be no doubt. All its operations within would be in aid of the hostile fleets and armies without. Controlling our currency, receiving our public moneys, and holding thousands of our citizens in dependence, it would be more formidable and dangerous than the naval and military power of the enemy. . . .

It is maintained by the advocates of the Bank, that its constitutionality, in all its features, ought to be considered as settled by precedent, and by the decision of the Supreme Court. To this conclusion I can not assent. Mere precedent is a dangerous source of authority, and should not be regarded as deciding questions of constitutional power, except where the acquiescence of the people and the States can be considered as well settled. So far from this being the case on this subject, an argument against the Bank might be based on precedent. One Congress, in 1791, decided in favor of a bank; another, in 1811, decided against it. One Congress, in 1815, decided against a bank; another, in 1816, decided in its favor. Prior to the present Congress, therefore, the precedents drawn from that source were equal. If we resort to the States, the expressions of legislative, judicial, and executive opinions against the Bank have been probably to those in its favor as four to one. There is nothing in precedent, therefore, which, if its authority were admitted, ought to weigh in favor of the act before me.

If the opinion of the Supreme Court covered

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the whole ground of this act, it ought not to control the coordinate authorities of this Government. The Congress, the Executive, and the Court, must each for itself be guided by its own opinion of the Constitution. Each public officer, who takes an oath to support the Constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others. It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution which may be presented to them for passage or approval as it is of the supreme judges when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. . . .

It can not be *necessary* to the character of the Bank as a fiscal agent of the Government that its private business should be exempted from that taxation to which all the State banks are liable; nor can I conceive it "*proper*" that the substantive and most essential powers reserved by the States shall be thus attacked and annihilated as a means of executing the powers delegated to the general government. It may be safely assumed that none of those sages who had an agency in forming or adopting our Constitution, ever imagined that any portion of the taxing power of the States, not prohibited to them nor delegated to Congress, was to be swept away and annihilated as a means of executing certain powers delegated to Congress. . . .

Suspicious are entertained, and charges are made, of gross abuse and violation of its charter. An investigation unwillingly conceded, and so restricted in time as necessarily to make it incomplete and unsatisfactory, disclosed enough to ex-

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cite suspicion and alarm. In the practises of the principal bank partially unveiled, in the absence of important witnesses, and in numerous charges confidently made, and as yet wholly uninvestigated, there was enough to induce a majority of the committee of investigation, a committee which was selected from the most able and honorable members of the House of Representatives, to recommend a suspension of further action upon the bill, and a prosecution of the inquiry. As the charter had yet four years to run, and as a renewal now was not necessary to the successful prosecution of its business, it was to have been expected that the Bank itself, conscious of its purity, and proud of its character, would have withdrawn its application for the present, and demanded the severest scrutiny into all its transactions. In their declining to do so, there seems to be an additional reason why the functionaries of the Government should proceed with less haste and more caution in the renewal of their monopoly. . . .

I have now done my duty to my country. If sustained by my fellow citizens, I shall be grateful and happy; if not, I shall find in the motives which impel me ample grounds for contentment and peace. In the difficulties which surround us and the dangers which threaten our institutions there is cause for neither dismay nor alarm. For relief and deliverance let us firmly rely on that kind Providence which, I am sure, watches with peculiar care over the destinies of our republic, and on the intelligence and wisdom of our countrymen. Through His abundant goodness, and their patriotic devotion, our liberty and Union will be preserved.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI AS IN LAKE ITASCA

(1832)

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT¹

Proceeding directly south from this spot a short distance, we entered the Mississippi, which was found to flow in with a broad channel and rapid current. This channel Lieutenant Allen estimated to be but one hundred yards long, at which distance we entered into a beautiful little lake of pellucid water and a picturesque margin, spreading transversely to our track, to which I gave the name of Irving. Ozawindib held his way directly south through this body of water, striking the river again on its opposite shore. We had proceeded but half a mile above this lake, when it was announced

¹From Schoolcraft's "Narrative of the Exploratory Expedition to the Source of the Mississippi River: Discovery of its Origin in Itasca Lake." Mr. Schoolcraft was a noted traveler and ethnologist. He wrote important books on the North American Indians after close personal knowledge derived from long residence among them.

The ultimate source of the Mississippi has since been determined as Elk Lake, which lies just beyond Itasca and was discovered in 1872 by Julius Chambers, a New York journalist. There are several lakes, however, which could be called sources, the others being Bemidji, Cass, Fishing, Leech, Mud, and Winnibigashish, which are described as "lying among hills of drift and boulders in the midst of pine forests and marshes."

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that we had reached the primary forks of the Mississippi. We were now in latitude $47^{\circ} 28' 46''$. Up to this point the river had carried its characteristics in a remarkable manner. Of the two primary streams before us, the one flowing from the west, or the Itasca fork, contributes by far the largest volume of water, possessing the greatest velocity and breadth of current. The two streams enter each other at an acute angle, which varies but little from the south.

Ozawindib hesitated not a moment which branch to ascend, but shooting his canoe out of the stronger current of the Itasca fork, entered the other. His wisdom in this movement was soon apparent. He had not only entered the shallower and stiller branch, but one that led more directly to the base of the ultimate summit of Itasca. This stream soon narrowed to twenty feet. We could distinctly descry the moving sands at its bottom; but its diminished velocity was apparent from the intrusion of aquatic plants along its shores. It was manifest also from the forest vegetation that we were advancing into regions of a more Alpine flora. The branches of the larches, spruce, and gray pines were clothed with lichens and floating moss to their very tops, denoting an atmosphere of more than the ordinary humidity. Clumps of gray willows skirted the margin of the stream.

It was found that the river had made its utmost northing in Queen Anne's Lake. From the exit from that point the course was nearly due south, and from this moment to our arrival at the ultimate forks, which can not exceed a mile and a half or two miles, it was evident why the actual source of this celebrated river had so long eluded scrutiny.

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We were ascending at every curve so far south as to carry the observer out of every old line of travel or commerce in the fur trade (the sole interest here) and into a remote elevated region, which is never visited indeed, except by Indian hunters, and is never crossed, even by them, to visit the waters of the Red River—the region in immediate juxtaposition north. This semi-Alpine plateau, or height of land for which we were now pushing directly, is called in the parlance of the fur trade *Hauteurs de Terre*. It was evident that we were ascending to this continental plateau by steps, denoted by a series of rapids, presenting step by step, in regular succession, wide-spread areas of flat surface spotted with almost innumerable lakes, small and large, and rice-ponds and lagoons. . . .

It was now seven o'clock P.M., and we had been in our canoe sixteen hours, and traveled fifty-five miles. It was not easy to find ground dry enough to encamp on, and while we were searching for it, rain commenced. We had pushed through the ample borders of the *Scirpus lacustris* and other aquatic plants, to a point of willows, alders, and spruce and tamarack, with *pinus banksiana* in the distance. The ground was low and wet, the foot sinking into a carpet of green moss at every tread. The lower branches of the trees were dry and dead, exhibiting masses of flowing gray moss. Dampness, frigidity, and gloom marked the dreary spots, and when a camp-fire had been kindled it threw its red glare around on strange masses of thickets and darkness, which might have well employed the pencil of a Michelangelo. . . .

With every aid, however, from the tent and the tea-kettle, and our cook's art in spitting ducks,

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the night here, in a gloomy and damp thicket, just elevated above the line of the river flags, and quite in the range of the frogs and lizards, proved to be one of the most dreary and forlorn. It was felt that we were no longer on the open Mississippi, but were winding up a close and very serpentine tributary, nowhere over thirty feet wide, which unfolded itself in a savanna, or bog, bordered closely with lagoons and rice-ponds. Indian sagacity, it was clear, had led Ozawindib up this tributary as the best, shortest, and easiest possible way of reaching to, and surmounting the Itasea plateau, but it required a perpetual use of hand, foot, paddle, and pole; nor was there a gleam of satisfaction to be found in anything but the most intense onward exertion. . . .

At five o'clock the next morning (12th) we were on our feet, and resumed the ascent. The day was rainy and disagreeable. There was little strength of current, but quite a sufficient depth of water; the stream was excessively tortuous. Owing to the sudden bends, we often frightened up the same flocks of brant, ducks, and teals again and again, who did not appear to have been in times past much subjected to these intrusions. . . .

We toiled all day without intermission from day-break till dark. The banks of the river are fringed with a species of coarse marshland grass. Clumps of willows fringe the stream. Rush and reed occupy spots favorable to their growth. The forest exhibits the larch, pine, and tamarack. Moss attaches to everything. Water-fowls seem alone to exult in their seclusion. After we had proceeded for an hour above Lake Plantagenet, an Indian in the advance canoe fired at and killed a deer. Altho-

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fairly shot, the animal ran several hundred yards. It then fell dead. The man who had killed it brought the carcass to the banks of the river. The dexterity with which he skinned and cut it up excited admiration. . . .

At length, at half-past five o'clock in the evening, we came to the base of the highlands of the Itasca or Hauteurs de Terre summit. The flanks of this elevation revealed themselves in a high, naked precipice of the drift and boulder stratum, on the immediate margin of the stream which washed against it. Our pilot, Ozawindib, was at the moment in the rear; halting a few moments for him to come up, he said that we were within a few hundred yards of the Naiwa rapids, and that the portage around them commenced at this escarpment. We had seen no rocks of any species, in place, thus far. . . .

The next morning (13th) a dense fog prevailed. We had found the atmosphere warm, but charged with water and vapors, which frequently condensed into showers. The evenings and nights were, however, cool, at the precise time of the earth hiding the sun's disk. It was five o'clock before we could discern objects with sufficient distinctness to venture to embark. We found the channel of the river strikingly diminished on getting above the Naiwa. Its width is that of a mere brook, running in a valley half a mile wide. The water is still and pond-like, the margin being encroached on by aquatic plants. . . .

I had now traced this branch of the Mississippi to its source, and was at the south base of the intercontinental highlands, which give origin to the longest and principal branch of the Missis-

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sippi. To reach its source it was necessary to ascend and cross these. Of their height, and the difficulty of their ascent, we knew nothing. This only was sure, from the representation of the natives, that it could be readily done, carrying the small bark canoes we had thus far employed. The chief said it was thirteen *opugidjiwenun*, or putting-down-places, which are otherwise called *onway-bees*, or rests. From the roughness of the path, not more than half a mile can be estimated to each *onwaybee*. Assawa Lake is shown, by barometric measurement, to be 1,532 feet above the Gulf. Having followed out this branch to its source, its very existence in our geography becomes a new fact. . . .

The elevated parts of the route were sufficiently open, with often steep ascents. Over these syenite and granite, quartz and sandstone boulders were scattered. Every step we made in crossing these sandy and diluvial elevations seemed to inspire new ardor in completing the traverse. The guide had called the distance, as we computed it, about six or six and a half miles. We had been four hours upon it, now clambering up steeps, and now brushing through thickets, when he told us we were ascending the last elevation, and I kept close to his heels, soon outwent him on the trail, and got the first glimpse of the glittering nymph we had been pursuing. On reaching the summit this wish was gratified. At a depression of perhaps a hundred feet below, cradled among the hills, the lake spread out its elongated volume, presenting a scene of no common picturesqueness and rural beauty. In a short time I stood on its border, the whole cortège of canoes and pedestrians following; and

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as each one came he deposited his burden on a little open plat, which constituted the terminus of the Indian trail. In a few moments a little fire threw up its blaze, and the pan of *pigieu*, or pine pitch, was heated to mend the seams of the bark canoes. When this was done, they were instantly put into the lake, with their appropriate baggage; and the little flotilla of five canoes was soon in motion, passing down one of the most tranquil and pure sheets of water of which it is possible to conceive. There was not a breath of wind. We often rested to behold the scene. It is not a lake overhung by rocks. Not a precipice is in sight, or a stone, save the pebbles and boulders of the drift era, which are scattered on the beach. The waterfowl, whom we disturbed in their seclusion, seemed rather loath to fly up.

The diluvial hills enclosing the basin, at distances of one or two miles, are covered with pines. From these elevations the lands slope gently down to the water's edge, which is fringed with a mixed foliage of deciduous and evergreen species. After passing some few miles down its longest arm, we landed at an island, which appeared to be the only one in the lake. I immediately had my tent pitched, and while the cook exerted his skill to prepare a meal, scrutinized its shores for crustacea, while Dr. Houghton sought to identify its plants.

I inquired of Ozawindib the Indian name of this lake; he replied *Omushkö's*, which is the Chipewewa name of the Elk. Having previously got an inkling of some of their mythological and necromantic notions of the origin and mutations of the country, which permitted the use of a female name for it, I denominated it Itasca.

BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI EIGHTY YEARS AGO

(1832)

BY WASHINGTON IRVING¹

In the often vaunted regions of the Far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log house of the white man, nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves, and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the grand Canadian, the Red River, and their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting-grounds of the various tribes of the Far West. Hither repair the Osage, the Creek, the Delaware and other tribes that have linked themselves with civilization, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort also the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and as yet independent tribes, the nomads of the prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains.

The regions I have mentioned form a debatable ground of these warring and vindictive tribes; none

¹ From Irving's "Tour of the Prairies." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and "Braves" repair thither in numerous bodies during the season of game, throw up their transient hunting-camps, consisting of light bowers covered with bark and skins, commit sad havoc among the innumerable herds that graze the prairies, and having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, warily retire from the dangerous neighborhood. These expeditions partake, always, of a warlike character; the hunters are all armed for action, offensive and defensive, and are bound to incessant vigilance. Should they, in their excursions, meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprized by wandering war-parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Moldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine or near the traces of a hunting-camp, occasionally mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing, a tract of country which had not as yet been explored by white men.

It was early in October, 1832,² that I arrived at Fort Gibson, a frontier post of the Far West, situated on the Neosho, or Grand River, near its confluence with the Arkansas. I had been traveling for a month past, with a small party from St.

² Irving at this time was widely known as an author. Among the books he had published were "The Sketch Book," "History of New York," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." In the year following the tour he purchased the property near Tarrytown since known as "Sunnyside," a plot of ten

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Louis, up the banks of the Missouri, and along the frontier line of agencies and missions that extends from the Missouri to the Arkansas. Our party was headed by one of the commissioners appointed by the Government of the United States to superintend the settlement of the Indian tribes migrating from the east to the west of the Mississippi. In the discharge of his duties, he was thus visiting the various outposts of civilization. . . .

The long-drawn notes of a bugle at length gave the signal for departure. The rangers filed off in a straggling line of march through the woods; we were soon on horseback and following on, but were detained by the irregularity of the pack-horses. They were unaccustomed to keep the line, and straggled from side to side among the thickets, in spite of all the pesting and bedeviling of Tonish; who, mounted on his gallant gray, with a long rifle on his shoulder, worried after them, bestowing a superabundance of dry blows and curses.

We soon, therefore, lost sight of our escort, but managed to keep on their track, threading lofty forests, and entangled thickets, and passing by Indian wigwams and negro huts, until toward dusk we arrived at a frontier farmhouse, owned by a settler of the name of Berryhill. It was situated on a hill, below which the rangers had encamped in a circular grove, on the margin of a stream. The master of the house received us

acres which he described as "a beautiful spot, capable of being made a little paradise." On the land was "a small stone cottage built about a century since and inhabited by one of the Van Tassels." He had had an architect visit the place, and was about to build "a little rookery, somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint, but unpretending."

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civilly, but could offer us no accommodation, for sickness prevailed in his family. He appeared himself to be in no very thriving condition, for tho bulky in frame, he had a sallow, unhealthy complexion, and a whistling double voice, shifting abruptly from a treble to a thorough-bass. Finding his log house was a mere hospital, crowded with invalids, we ordered our tent to be pitched in the farmyard. . . .

On the following morning (October 11), we were on the march by half-past seven o'clock, and rode through deep, rich bottoms of alluvial soil, overgrown with redundant vegetation, and trees of an enormous size. Our route lay parallel to the west bank of the Arkansas, on the borders of which river, near the confluence of the Red Fork, we expected to overtake the main body of rangers. For some miles the country was sprinkled with Creek villages and farmhouses; the inhabitants of which appeared to have adopted, with considerable facility, the rudiments of civilization, and to have thriven in consequence. Their farms were well stocked, and their houses had a look of comfort and abundance.

We met with numbers of them returning from one of their grand games of ball, for which their nation is celebrated. Some were on foot, some on horseback; the latter, occasionally, with gayly-drest females behind them. They are a well-made race, muscular and closely knit, with well-turned thighs and legs. They have a Gypsy fondness for brilliant colors and gay decorations, and are bright and fanciful objects when seen at a distance on the prairies. One had a scarlet handkerchief bound round his head, surmounted with a

tuft of black feathers like a cock's tail; another had a white handkerchief, with red feathers; while a third, for want of a plume, had stuck in his turban a brilliant bunch of sumach. . . .

The trail kept on like a straggling footpath, over hill and dale, through brush and brake, and tangled thicket, and open prairie. In traversing the wilds, it is customary for a party, either of horse or foot, to follow each other in single file like the Indians; so that the leaders break the way for those who follow, and lessen their labor and fatigue. In this way, also, the number of a party is concealed, the whole leaving but one narrow well-trampled track to mark their course. . . .

We were overshadowed by lofty trees, with straight, smooth trunks, like stately columns; and as the glancing rays of the sun shone through the transparent leaves, tinted with the many-colored hues of autumn, I was reminded of the effect of sunshine among the stained windows and clustering columns of a Gothic cathedral. Indeed, there is a grandeur and solemnity in our spacious forests of the West, that awaken in me the same feeling I have experienced in those vast and venerable piles, and the sound of the wind sweeping through them supplies occasionally the deep breathings of the organ.

About noon the bugle sounded to horse, and we were again on the march, hoping to arrive at the encampment of the rangers before night; as the old Osage had assured us it was not above ten or twelve miles distant. In our course through a forest, we passed by a lonely pool, covered with the most magnificent water-lilies I had ever beheld; among which swam several wood-ducks, one

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of the most beautiful of water-fowl, remarkable for the gracefulness and brilliancy of its plumage.

After proceeding some distance farther, we came down upon the banks of the Arkansas, at a place where tracks of numerous horses, all entering the water, showed where a party of Osage hunters and recently crossed the river on their way to the buffalo range. After letting our horses drink in the river, we continued along its bank for a space, and then across prairies, where we saw a distant smoke, which we hoped might proceed from the encampment of the rangers. Following what we supposed to be their trail, we came to a meadow in which were a number of horses grazing; they were not, however, the horses of the troop.

A little farther on we reached a straggling Osage village, on the banks of the Arkansas. Our arrival created quite a sensation. A number of old men came forward and shook hands with us all severally; while the women and children huddled together in groups, staring at us wildly, chattering and laughing among themselves. We found that all the young men of the village had departed on a hunting expedition, leaving the women and children and old men behind. Here the Commissioner made a speech from on horseback; informing his hearers of the purport of his mission, to promote a general peace among the tribes of the West, and urging them to lay aside all warlike and bloodthirsty notions, and not to make any wanton attacks upon the Pawnees. This speech being interpreted by Beattie, seemed to have a most pacifying effect upon the multitude, who promised faithfully, that, as far as in them lay, the peace should not be disturbed; and indeed

their age and sex gave some reason to trust that they would keep their word. . . .

The Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented; taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn, they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good-will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there can not be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them imprest with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally, exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other when anything particularly strikes them; but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation; and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears, they have them

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in abundance, both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend; and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. I have heard doleful wailings at daybreak, in the neighboring Indian villages, made by some of the inhabitants, who go out at that hour into the fields to mourn and weep for the dead: at such times, I am told, the tears will stream down their cheeks in torrents.

As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is, like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes. . . .

It was a bright sunny morning, with a pure transparent atmosphere that seemed to bathe the very heart with gladness. Our march continued parallel to the Arkansas, through a rich and varied country; sometimes we had to break our way through alluvial bottoms matted with redundant vegetation, where the gigantic trees were entangled with grape-vines, hanging like cordage from their branches; sometimes we coasted along sluggish brooks, whose feebly trickling current just served to link together a succession of glassy pools, imbedded like mirrors in the quiet bosom of the forest, reflecting its autumnal foliage and patches of the clear blue sky. Sometimes we scrambled up broken and rocky hills, from the summits of which we had wide views stretching on one side over distant prairies diversified by groves and forests, and on the other ranging along a line of blue and shadowy hills beyond the waters of the Arkansas.

The appearance of our troop was suited to the country; stretching along in a line of upward of half a mile in length, winding among brakes and

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bushes, and up and down the defiles of the hills—the men in every kind of uncouth garb, with long rifles on their shoulders, and mounted on horses of every color. The pack-horses, too, would incessantly wander from the line of march to crop the surrounding herbage, and were banged and beaten back by Tonish and his half-breed compeers, with volleys of mongrel oaths. . . .

After a march of about fifteen miles west we encamped in a beautiful peninsula, made by the windings and doublings of a deep, clear, and almost motionless brook, and covered by an open grove of lofty and magnificent trees. Several hunters immediately started forth in quest of game before the noise of the camp should frighten it from the vicinity. Our man, Beatte, also took his rifle and went forth alone, in a different course from the rest.

For my own part, I laid on the grass under the trees, and built castles in the clouds, and indulged in the very luxury of rural repose. Indeed, I can scarcely conceive a kind of life more calculated to put both mind and body in a healthful tone. A morning's ride of several hours diversified by hunting incidents; an encampment in the afternoon under some noble grove on the borders of a stream; an evening banquet of venison, fresh killed, roasted, or broiled on the coals; turkeys just from the thickets, and wild honey from the trees; and all relished with an appetite unknown to the gourmets of the cities. And at night—such sweet sleeping in the open air, or waking and gazing at the moon and stars, shining between the trees!

CHICAGO AS A HAMLET AND A FORT

(1833)

BY PATRICK SHIRREFF¹

Chicago is situated on Lake Michigan, at the confluence of Chicago River, a small stream, affording the advantages of a canal to the inhabitants for a limited distance. At the mouth of the river is Fort Dearborn,² garrisoned by a few soldiers, and one of the places which has been long held to keep the Indian tribes in awe. The entrance from the lake to the river is much obstructed by sand banks, and an attempt is making to improve the navigation.

Chicago consists of about 150 wood houses, placed irregularly on both sides of the river, over which there is a bridge. This is already a place of considerable trade, supplying salt, tea, coffee, sugar, and clothing to a large tract of country to the south and west; and when connected with the navigable point of the river Illinois, by a canal or railway, can not fail of rising to importance.

¹ From Shirreff's "Tour Through North America," published in Edinburgh, 1835. The author was a Scotsman, who came to this country for the purpose of studying agricultural conditions with a view to emigration by his countrymen. Printed in Hart's "Source Book of American History."

² Fort Dearborn was established on the site of Chicago in 1804, evacuated in 1812 and rebuilt in 1816.

CHICAGO AS A HAMLET

Almost every person I met regarded Chicago as the germ of an immense city, and speculators have already bought up, at high prices, all the building ground in the neighborhood. Chicago will, in all probability, attain considerable size, but its situation is not so favorable to growth as many other places in the Union. The country south and west of Chicago has a channel of trade to the south by New Orleans; and the navigation from Buffalo by Lake Huron is of such length, that perhaps the produce of the country to the south of Chicago will find an outlet to Lake Erie by the waters of the rivers Wabash and Mamee. A canal has been in progress for three years, connecting the Wabash and Mamee, which flows into the west end of Lake Erie; and there can be little difficulty in connecting the Wabash with the Illinois, which, if effected, will materially check the rise of Chicago.

At the time of visiting Chicago, there was a treaty in progress with the Pottawattamie Indians, and it was supposed nearly 8,000 Indians, of all ages, belonging to different tribes, were assembled on the occasion, a treaty being considered a kind of general merry-making, which lasts several weeks; and animal food, on the present occasion, was served out by the States government. The forests and prairies in the neighborhood were studded with the tents of the Indians, and numerous herds of horses were browsing in all directions. Some of the tribes could be distinguished by their peculiarities. The Sacs and Foxes have their heads shaven, with exception of a small tuft of hair on the crown. Their garments seemed to vary according to their circumstances, and not to their tribes. The dress of the squaws was gener-

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ally blue cloth, and sometimes printed cotton, with ornaments in the ears, and occasionally also in the nose.

The men generally wore white blankets, with a piece of blue cloth round their loins; and the poorest of them had no other covering, their arms, legs, and feet being exposed in nakedness. A few of them had cotton trousers, and jackets of rich patterns, loosely flowing, secured with a sash; boots, and handkerchiefs or bands of cotton, with feathers in the head-dress, their appearance reminding me of the costume of some Asiatic nations. The men are generally without beards, but in one or two instances I saw tufts of hair on the chin, which seemed to be kept with care, and this was conspicuously so among the well-drest portion. The countenances of both sexes were frequently bedaubed with paint of different kinds, including red, blue, and white.

In the forenoon of my arrival, a council had been held, without transacting business, and a race took place in the afternoon. The spectators were Indians, with exception of a few travelers, and their small number showed the affair excited little interest. The riders had a piece of blue cloth round their loins, and in other respects were perfectly naked, having the whole of their bodies painted of different hues. The race-horses had not undergone a course of training. They were of ordinary breed, and, according to British taste at least, small, coarse, and ill-formed.

Intoxication prevailed to a great extent among both sexes. When under the influence of liquor, they did not seem unusually loquacious, and their chief delight consisted in venting low shouts, re-

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sembling something between the mewling of a cat and the barking of a dog. I observed a powerful Indian, stupefied with spirits, attempting to gain admittance to a shop, vociferating in a noisy manner; as soon as he reached the highest step, a white man gave him a push, and he fell with violence on his back in a pool of mud. He repeated his attempt five or six times in my sight, and was uniformly thrown back in the same manner. Male and female Indians were looking on and enjoying the sufferings of their countryman. The inhuman wretch who thus tortured the poor Indian was the vender of the poison which had deprived him of his senses.

Besides the assemblage of Indians, there seemed to be a general fair at Chicago. Large wagons drawn by six or eight oxen, and heavily laden with merchandise, were arriving from, and departing to, distant parts of the country. There was also a kind of horse-market, and I had much conversation with a dealer from the State of New York, having serious intentions of purchasing a horse to carry me to the banks of the Mississippi, if one could have been got suitable for the journey. The dealers attempted to palm colts on me for aged horses, and seemed versed in all the trickery which is practised by their profession in Britain.

A person showed me a model of a threshing-machine and a churn, for which he was taking orders, and said he furnished the former at \$30, or £6, 10s. sterling. There were a number of French descendants, who are engaged in the fur-trade, met in Chicago, for the purpose of settling accounts with the Indians. They were drest in broadcloths and boots, and boarded in the hotels. They are a

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swarthy scowling race, evidently tinged with Indian blood, speaking the French and English languages fluently, and much addicted to swearing and whisky.

The hotel at which our party was set down, was so disagreeably crowded that the landlord could not positively promise beds, altho he would do every thing in his power to accommodate us. The house was dirty in the extreme, and confusion reigned throughout, which the extraordinary circumstances of the village went far to extenuate. I contrived, however, to get on pretty well, having by this time learned to serve myself in many things, carrying water for washing, drying my shirt, wetted by the rain of the preceding evening, and brushing my shoes. The table was amply stored with substantial provisions, to which justice was done by the guests, altho indifferently cooked, and still more so served up.

When bedtime arrived, the landlord showed me to an apartment about ten feet square, in which there were two small beds already occupied, assigning me in a corner a dirty pallet, which had evidently been recently used, and was lying in a state of confusion. Undressing for the night had become a simple proceeding, and consisted in throwing off shoes, neck-cloth, coat, and vest, the two latter being invariably used to aid the pillow, and I had long dispensed with a nightcap. I was awoke from a sound sleep toward morning by an angry voice uttering horrid imprecations, accompanied by a demand for the bed I occupied. A lighted candle, which the individual held in his hand, showed him to be a French trader, accompanied by a friend, and as I looked on them for

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some time in silence, their audacity and brutality of speech increased.

At length I lifted my head from the pillow, leaned on my elbow, and with a steady gaze, and the calmest tone of voice, said: "Who are you that address me in such language?" The countenance of the angry individual fell, and he subduedly asked to share my bed. Wishing to put him to a further trial, I again replied: "If you will ask the favor in a proper manner, I shall give you an answer." He was now either ashamed of himself, or felt his pride hurt, and both left the room without uttering a word. Next morning, the individuals who slept in the apartment with me, discovered that the intruders had acted most improperly toward them, and the most noisy of the two entered familiarly into conversation with me during breakfast, without alluding to the occurrence of the preceding evening.

HOW TEXAS BECAME INDEPENDENT

(1836)

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT¹

Far more important than any other matters was the acknowledgment of the independence of Texas; and in this, as well as in the troubles with Mexico which sprang from it, slavery again played a prominent part, altho not nearly so important at first as has commonly been represented. Doubtless the slaveholders worked hard to secure additional territory out of which to form new slave States; but Texas and California would have been in the end taken by us had there not been a single slave in the Mississippi Valley. The greed for the conquest of new lands which characterized the Western people had nothing whatever to do with the fact that some of them owned slaves. Long before there had been so much as the faintest foreshadowing of the importance which the slavery question was to assume, the West had been eagerly pressing on to territorial conquest, and had been chafing and fretting at the restraint put upon it, and at the limits set to its strivings by the treaties established with foreign powers. The first settlers beyond the Alleghanies, and their immediate suc-

¹ From Roosevelt's "Life of Thomas H. Benton." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright 1886.

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cessors, who moved down along the banks of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee, and thence out to the Mississippi itself, were not generally slaveholders; but they were all as anxious to wrest the Mississippi Valley from the control of the French as their descendants were to overrun the Spanish lands lying along the Rio Grande. In other words, slavery had very little to do with the Western aggressions on Mexican territory, however it might influence the views of Southern statesmen as to lending support to the Western schemes.

The territorial boundaries of all the great powers originally claiming the soil of the West—France, Spain, and the United States—were very ill-defined, there being no actual possession of the lands in dispute, and each power making a great showing on its own map. If the extreme views of any one were admitted, its adversary, for the time being, would have had nothing. Thus before the treaty of 1819 with Spain² our nominal boundaries and those of the latter power in the West overlapped each other; and the extreme Western men persisted in saying that we had given up some of the territory which belonged to us because we had consented to adopt a middle line of division, and had not insisted upon being allowed the full extent of our claims.

Benton always took this view of it, insisting that we had given up our rights by the adoption of this treaty. Many Southerners improved on this idea, and spoke of the desirability of "reannexing" the territory we had surrendered—endeavoring by

² This treaty was negotiated in Washington in February, 1819, and was a treaty of amity, pertaining to settlements and territorial limits. By it, we acquired Florida.

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the use of this very inappropriate word to give a color of right to their proceedings. As a matter of fact it was inevitable, as well as in the highest degree desirable for the good of humanity at large, that the American people should ultimately crowd out the Mexicans from their sparsely populated northern provinces. But it was quite as desirable that this should not be done in the interests of slavery.

American settlers had begun to press into the outlying Spanish province of Texas before the treaty of 1819 was ratified. Their numbers went on increasing, and at first the Mexican Government,³ having achieved independence of Spain, encouraged their incoming. But it soon saw that their presence boded danger, and forbade further immigration; without effect, however, as the settlers and adventurers came thronging in as fast as ever. The Americans had brought their slaves with them, and when the Mexican government issued a decree liberating all slaves, they refused to be bound by it; and this decree was among the reasons alleged for their revolt. It has been represented as the chief if not the sole cause of the rebellion; but in reality it was not the cause at all; it was merely one of the occasions.

Long before slavery had been abolished in Mexico, and before it had become an exciting question in the United States, the infant colony of Texas, when but a few months old, had made an abortive

³ Mexico for three hundred years had been a colony of Spain from the time of Cortez in 1519; but revolutions began in 1810, partially suppressed in 1815, followed by guerrilla warfare until 1821, when, under Iturbide, the last Spanish viceroy was deposed, and Mexico became independent.

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attempt at insurrection. Any one who has ever been on the frontier, and who knows anything whatever of the domineering, masterful spirit and bitter race prejudices of the white frontiersmen, will acknowledge at once that it was out of the question that the Texans should long continue under Mexican rule; and it would have been a great misfortune if they had. It was out of the question to expect them to submit to the mastery of the weaker race, which they were supplanting. Whatever might be the pretexts alleged for revolt, the real reasons were to be found in the deeply-marked difference of race, and in the absolute unfitness of the Mexicans then to govern themselves, to say nothing of governing others. During the dozen years that the American colony in Texas formed part of Mexico, the government of the latter went through revolution after revolution—republic, empire, and military dictatorship following one another in bewildering succession. A state of things like this in the central government, especially when the latter belonged to a race alien in blood, language, religion, and habits of life, would warrant any community in determining to shift for itself. Such would probably have been the result even on people as sober and peaceable as the Texan settlers were warlike, reckless, and overbearing.

But the majority of those who fought for Texan independence were not men who had already settled in that territory, but, on the contrary, were adventurers from the States, who had come to help their kinsmen and to win for themselves, by their own prowess, homes on what was then Mexican soil. It may as well be frankly admitted that the

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conduct of the American frontiersmen all through this contest can be justified on no possible plea of international morality or law. Still, we can not judge them by the same standard we should apply to the dealings between highly civilized powers of approximately the same grade of virtue and intelligence. Two nations may be contemporaneous so far as mere years go, and yet, for all that, may be existing among surroundings which practically are centuries apart. The nineteenth century on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, and the Rhine, or even of the Hudson and the Potomac, was one thing; the nineteenth century in the valley of the Rio Grande was another and quite a different thing.

The conquest of Texas should properly be classed with conquests like those of the Norse sea-rovers. The virtues and faults alike of the Texans were those of a barbaric age. They were restless, brave, and eager for adventure, excitement, and plunder; they were warlike, resolute, and enterprising; they had all the marks of a young and hardy race, flushed with the pride of strength and self-confidence. On the other hand, they showed again and again the barbaric vices of boastfulness, ignorance, and cruelty; and they were utterly careless of the rights of others, looking upon the possessions of all weaker races as simply their natural prey.

A band of settlers entering Texas was troubled by no greater scruples of conscience than, a thousand years before, a ship-load of Knut's followers might have felt at landing in England; and when they were engaged in warfare with the Mexicans they could count with certainty upon assist-

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ance from their kinsfolk who had been left behind, and for the same reasons that had enabled Rolf's Norsemen on the seacoast of France to rely confidently on Scandinavian help in their quarrels with their Karling over-lords. The great Texan hero, Houston,⁴ who drank hard and fought hard, who was mighty in battle and crafty in council, with his reckless, boastful courage, and his thirst for changes and risks of all kinds, his propensity for private brawling, and his queerly blended impulses for good and evil, might, with very superficial alterations of character, stand as the type of an old-world Viking—plus the virtue of a deep and earnestly patriotic attachment to his whole country. Indeed, his career was as picturesque and romantic as that of Harold Hardrada⁵ himself, and, to boot, was much more important in its results.

Thus, the Texan struggle for independence stirred up the greatest sympathy and enthusiasm in the United States. The administration remained nominally neutral, but obviously sympathized with the Texans, permitting arms and men to be sent to their help, without hindrance, and indeed doing not a little discreditable bullying in the diplomatic dealing with Mexico, which that unfortunate community had her hands too full to resent. Still we did not commit a more flagrant breach of neutrality

⁴ Samuel, or "Sam," Houston.

⁵ King of Norway from 1046 to 1066. He had previously been in military service at Constantinople as commander of the Imperial Roman Guard, and defeated the Saracens in eighteen battles in North Africa. After he became King of Norway, Harold invaded England, where he was defeated in battle at Stamford Bridge by King Harold II of England, who three weeks later was defeated and killed at Hastings by William the Conqueror.

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than, for instance, England was at the same time engaged in committing in reference to the civil wars in Spain. The victory of San Jacinto, in which Houston literally annihilated a Mexican force twice the strength of his own, virtually decided the contest; and the Senate at once passed a resolution recognizing the independence of Texas. Calhoun wished that body to go farther, and forthwith admit Texas as a State into the Union; but Benton and his colleagues were not prepared to take such a step at so early a date, altho intending, of course, that in the end she should be admitted. There was little opposition to the recognition of Texan independence, altho a few members of the Lower House, headed by Adams, voted against it. While a cabinet officer, and afterward as President, Adams had done all that he could to procure by purchase or treaty the very land which was afterward the cause of our troubles with Mexico.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

(1836)

BY CAPTAIN R. M. POTTER¹

The fall of the Alamo² and the massacre of its garrison, which in 1836 opened the campaign of Santa Anna in Texas, caused a profound sensation throughout the United States, and is still remembered with deep feeling by all who take an interest in the history of that section; yet the details of the final assault have never been fully and correctly narrated, and wild exaggerations have taken their place in popular legend. The reason will be obvious when it is remembered that not a single combatant of the last struggle from within the fort survived to tell the tale, while the official reports of

¹ At the time of the siege of the Alamo, Captain Potter was a resident of Matamoras, where he knew many of the leading Mexican officers personally. His account has been accepted as the most accurate that has been printed. It has the value of an original document, because of the critical investigations made by him immediately after the siege. The siege and fall of the Alamo were of great importance in the conflict by which the territory now known as Texas was taken from Mexico and eventually added to the United States. It, in fact, stands first among events that led afterward to the acquisition by the United States in the Southwest of a territory slightly larger than the vast domain we had already acquired by the purchase of Louisiana.

² The Alamo was a mission building, founded by the Spaniards in 1744. It was used as a parish church until 1793, when it was converted into a fort, with strong walls surrounding it.

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the enemy were neither circumstantial nor reliable. When horror is intensified by mystery, the sure product is romance.

A trustworthy account of the assault could be compiled only by comparing and combining the verbal narratives of such of the assailants as could be relied on for veracity, and adding to this such lights as might be gathered from military documents of that period, from credible local information, and from any source more to be trusted than rumor. As I was a resident at Matamoras when the event occurred, and for several months after the invading army retreated thither, and afterward resided near the scene of action, I had opportunities for obtaining the kind of information referred to better perhaps than have been possessed by any person now living outside of Mexico.

San Antonio, then a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, had a Mexican population, a minority of which was well affected to the cause of Texas, while the rest were inclined to make the easiest terms they could with whichever side might be for the time being dominant. The San Antonio River, which, properly speaking, is a large rivulet, divided the town from the Alamo, the former on the west side and the latter on the east. The Alamo village, a small suburb of San Antonio, was south of the fort, or Mission, as it was originally called, which bore the same name. The latter was an old fabric, built during the first settlement of the vicinity by the Spaniards; and having been originally designed as a place of safety for the colonists and their property in case of Indian hostility, with room sufficient for that purpose, it had neither the strength, compactness, nor dominant

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points which ought to belong to a regular fortification. The front of the Alamo Chapel bears date of 1757, but the other works must have been built earlier. As the whole area contained between two and three acres, a thousand men would have barely sufficed to man its defenses; and before a regular siege train they would soon have crumbled.

The works were mounted with fourteen guns, tho Santa Anna in his report exaggerates it to twenty-one. The number, however, has little bearing on the merits of the final defense, with which cannon had very little to do. These guns were in the hands of men unskilled in their use, and owing to the construction of the works most of them had little width of range.

In the winter of 1835-36 Colonel Neill, of Texas, was in command of San Antonio, with two companies of volunteers, among whom was a remnant of New Orleans Greys, who had taken an efficient part in the siege and capture of the town about a year before. At this time the Provisional Government of Texas, which, tho in revolt, had not yet declared a final separation from Mexico, had broken into a conflicting duality. The Governor and Council repudiated each other, and each claimed the obedience which was generally not given to either. Invasion was impending, and there seemed to be little more than anarchy to meet.

During this state of affairs Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Travis, who had commanded the scouting service of the late campaign, and had since been commissioned with the aforesaid rank as an officer of regular cavalry, was assigned by the Governor to relieve Colonel Neill of the command

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of his post. The volunteers, who cared little for either of the two governments, wished to choose their own leader, and were willing to accept Travis only as second in command. They were, therefore, clamorous that Neill should issue an order for the election of a colonel.

To get over the matter without interfering with Travis's right, he prepared an order for the election of a lieutenant-colonel, and was about to depart, when his men, finding out what he had done, mobbed him, and threatened his life unless he should comply with their wishes. He felt constrained to yield, and on the amended order James Bowie³ was unanimously elected a full colonel. He had been for several years a resident of Texas, and had taken a prominent part in the late campaign against Cos. His election occurred early in February, 1836, about two weeks before the enemy came in sight; and Travis, who had just arrived or came soon after, found Bowie in command of the garrison, and claiming by virtue of the aforesaid election the right to command him and the reenforcement he brought. They both had their headquarters at the Alamo, where their men were quartered, and there must have been a tacit understanding on both sides that conflict of authority should, as far as possible, be avoided. This, however, could not have continued many days but for the common bond of approaching peril.

Travis brought with him a company of regular recruits, enlisted for the half regiment of cavalry

³ James Bowie, the inventor of the bowie-knife, was a native of Georgia, who in 1827 killed Major Morris Wright with a weapon he had fashioned from a large file and which a cutler afterward improved into the knife that still bears Bowie's name.

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which the Provisional Government had intended to raise. J. N. Seguin, a native of San Antonio, who had been commissioned as the senior captain of Travis' corps, joined him at the Alamo, and brought into the garrison the skeleton of his company, consisting of nine Mexican recruits, natives, some of the town aforesaid and others of the interior of Mexico. The aforesaid company and squad of enlisted men and the two companies of volunteers under Bowie formed the garrison of the Alamo, which then numbered from a hundred and fifty-six to a hundred and sixty. Of these the volunteers comprized considerably more than half, and over two-thirds of the whole were men who had but recently arrived in the country. Seguin and his nine recruits were all that represented the Mexican population of Texas. Of that nine, seven fell in the assault, the captain and two of his men having been sent out on duty before that crisis.

David Crockett,⁴ of Tennessee, who had a few years before represented a squatter constituency in Congress, where his oratory was distinguished for hard sense and rough grammar, had joined the garrison a few weeks before, as had also J. B. Bonham, Esq., of South Carolina, who had lately come to volunteer in the cause of Texas, and was considered one of the most chivalrous and estimable of its supporters. I pair them, a rough gem and a polished jewel, because their names are among the best known of those who fell; but I am not aware that either of them had any command.

⁴ Crockett was a native of Tennessee, born in 1786, and famous as a pioneer, hunter and politician. He served three terms in Congress and had reputation as an eccentric humorist. His "Autobiography" has been widely read.

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The main army of operation against Texas moved from Laredo upon San Antonio in four successive detachments. This was rendered necessary by the scarcity of pasture and water on certain portions of the route. The lower division, commanded by Brigadier-General Urrea, moved from Matamoras on Goliad by a route near the coast, and a short time after the fall of the Alamo achieved the capture and massacre of Fannius' command. . . .

The confusion at the Alamo, which for the time being was great, did not impede a prompt show of resistance. In the evening, soon after the enemy entered the town, a shot from the 18-pounder of the fort was answered by a shell from the invaders; and this was followed by a parley, of which different accounts have been given. . . .

On the night of the 22d of February the enemy planted two batteries on the west side of the river, one bearing west and the other southwest from the Alamo, with a range which no houses then obstructed. They were the next day silenced by the fire of the 18-pounder of the fort, but were restored to activity on the following night. On the 24th another body of Mexican troops, a regiment of cavalry and three battalions of infantry arrived; and then the fort was invested and a regular siege commenced, which, counting from that day till the morning of the 6th of March, occupied eleven days. By the 27th seven more besieging batteries were planted, most of them on the east side of the river, and bearing on the northwest, and south of the fort; but none on the east. . . .

The conflict of authority between Bowie and Travis, owing probably to the caution in which

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neither was deficient, had luckily produced no serious collision; and it was perhaps as fortunate that, at about the second day of the siege, the rivalry was cut short by a prostrating illness of the former, when Bowie was stricken by an attack of pneumonia, which would probably have proved fatal, had not its blow been anticipated by the sword. This left Travis in undisputed command.

On the following night, the 1st of March, a company of thirty-two men from Gonzales made its way through the enemy's lines, and entered the Alamo never again to leave it. This must have raised the force to 188 men or thereabout, as none of the original number of 156 had fallen.

On the night of the 3d of March Travis sent out another courier with a letter of that date to the government, which reached its destination. In that last dispatch he says: "With a hundred and forty-five men I have held this place ten days against a force variously estimated from 1,500 to 6,000, and I shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in the attempt. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon-balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen. We have been miraculously preserved." As this was but two days and three nights before the final assault, it is quite possible that not a single defender was stricken down till the fort was stormed. At the first glance it may seem almost farcical that there should be no more result from so long a fire, which was never sluggish; but if so, this was a stage on which farce was soon to end in tragedy, and those two elements seem strangely mingled through the whole contest. . . .

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In stating the force of the garrison during the previous ten days, Travis did not include the little reenforcement which had come in only two days before; yet, as he mentions but 145, while the garrison is known to have numbered 156 when the enemy appeared, he must have rated eleven as ineffective or absent. A part of them may have been counted out as departed couriers, and the rest had perhaps sunk under the fatigue of duty. Had there been any wounded, he would probably have referred to them. On the 4th of March Santa Anna called a council of war, and fixt on the morning of the 6th for the final assault. . . .

When the hour came, the south guns of the Alamo were answering the batteries which fronted them; but the music was silent till the blast of a bugle was followed by the rushing tramp of soldiers. The guns of the fort opened upon the moving masses, and Santa Anna's bands struck up the assassin note of *dequello*, or no quarter. But a few and not very effective discharges of cannon from the works could be made before the enemy were under them, and it was probably not till then that the worn and wearied garrison was fully mustered. Castrillon's column arrived first at the foot of the wall, but was not the first to enter.

The guns of the north, where Travis commanded in person, probably raked the breach, and this or the fire of the riflemen brought the column to a disordered halt, and Colonel Duque, who commanded the battalion of Toluca, fell dangerously wounded; but, while this was occurring, the column from the west crossed the barrier on that side by escalade at a point north of the center, and, as this checked resistance at the north, Castrillon shortly after

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passed the breach. It was probably while the enemy was thus pouring into the large area that Travis fell at his post, for his body, with a single shot in the forehead, was found beside the gun at the northwest angle. The outer walls and batteries, all except one gun, of which I will speak, were now abandoned by the defenders. . . .

The garrison, when driven from the thinly-manned outer defenses, whose early loss was inevitable, took refuge mainly in the long barrack; and it was not till then, when they became more concentrated and covered within, that the main struggle began. They were more concentrated as to space, not as to unity of command; for there was no communicating between buildings, nor, in all cases, between rooms. There was little need of command, however, to men who had no choice left but to fall where they stood before the weight of numbers. There was now no retreating from point to point, and each group of defenders had to fight and die in the den where it was brought to bay. From the doors, windows, and loopholes of the several rooms around the area the crack of the rifle and the hiss of the bullet came fierce and fast; as fast as the enemy fell and recoiled in his first efforts to charge. The gun beside which Travis fell was now turned against the buildings, as were also some others, and shot after shot was sent crashing through the doors and barricades of the several rooms. Each ball was followed by a storm of musketry and a charge; and thus room after room was carried at the point of the bayonet, when all within them died fighting to the last. The struggle was made up of a number of separate and desperate combats, often hand to hand,

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between squads of the garrison and bodies of the enemy. The bloodiest spot about the fort was the long barracks and the ground in front of it, where the enemy fell in heaps. . . .

According to Mr. Ruiz, then the Alcalde of San Antonio, who, after the action, was required to point out the slain leaders to Santa Anna, the body of Crockett was found in the west battery just referred to; and we may infer that he either commanded that point or was stationed there as a sharpshooter. The common fate overtook Bowie in his bed in one of the rooms of the low barrack, when he probably had but a few days of life left him; yet he had enough remaining, it is said, to shoot down with his pistols more than one of his assailants ere he was butchered on his couch. If he had sufficient strength and consciousness left to do it, we may safely assume that it was done.

The chapel, which was the last point taken, was carried by a *coup de main* after the fire of the other buildings was silenced. Once the enemy was in possession of the large area, the guns of the south could be turned to fire into the door of the church, only from fifty to a hundred yards off, and that was probably the route of attack. The inmates of this last stronghold, like the rest, fought to the last, and continued to fire down from the upper works after the enemy occupied the floor. A Mexican officer told of seeing one of his soldiers shot in the crown of the head during the *mêlée*. Toward the close of the struggle Lieutenant Dickenson, with his child in his arms, or, as some accounts say, tied to his back, leapt from the east embrasure of the chapel, and both were shot in the act. Of those he left behind, the bayonet soon

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gleaned what the bullet had left; and in the upper part of that edifice the last defender must have fallen. The morning breeze which received his parting breath probably still fanned his flag above that fabric, for I doubt not he fell ere it was pulled down by the victors.

The Alamo had fallen; but the impression it left on the invader was the forerunner of San Jacinto. It is a fact not often remembered that Travis and his band fell under the Mexican Federal flag of 1824, instead of the Lone Star of Texas, altho Independence, unknown to them, had been declared by the new convention four days before at Washington, on the Brazos. They died for a Republic of whose existence they never knew. The action, according to Santa Anna's report, lasted thirty minutes.

HOUSTON'S SEIZURE OF TEXAS

(1836)

BY HORACE GREELEY¹

Sam Houston, born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1793, had early migrated to Tennessee, settling very near the reserved lands of the Cherokee Indians, to whom he speedily absconded, living three years among them. More than twenty years later—having, meantime, been a gallant soldier in the War of 1812, an Indian agent, a lawyer, district attorney, major-general of militia, member of Congress, and Governor of Tennessee—he abruptly separated from his newly-married wife, and repaired again to the Cherokees, now settled west of the Mississippi, by whom he was welcomed and made a chief. After living with them three years longer as a savage, he suddenly left them again, returned to civilization—of the Arkansas pattern—set out from Little Rock, with a few companions of like spirit, for the new country to which adventurers and lawless characters throughout the Southwest were silently tending. A Little Rock journal, noticing his departure for Texas, significantly said: “We shall doubtless hear of his *raising his flag* there shortly.” The guess was a perfectly safe one.

Houston and other restless spirits of his sort were pushed into Texas expressly to seize upon the

¹ From Greeley's “American Conflict.”

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first opportunity to foment a revolution, expel the Mexican authorities, and prepare the region for speedy annexation to this country, as a new make-weight in Mr. Calhoun's scheme of a perpetual balance of power between the free and the slave States. Houston had scarcely reached Nacodoches, near the eastern boundary of Texas, when he was elected therefrom a delegate to a convention called to frame a constitution for that country as a distinct State, which met April 1, 1833, and did its predestined work. Texas proclaimed her entire independence of Mexico, March 2, 1836. War, of course, ensued—in fact, was already beginning—and Houston soon succeeded Austin in the command of the insurgent forces.

On the 10th, Houston repaired to the camp at Gonzales, where 374 poorly-armed, ill-supplied men, were mustered to dispute the force, 5,000 strong, with which Santa Anna had already crossed the Rio Grande and advanced to the frontier fort, known as the Alamo, held by Col. Travis, with 185 men, who were captured and all put to death. Houston, of course, retreated, hoping to be joined by Colonel Fannin, who held Goliad with 500 men, and several pieces of artillery, whereas Houston had not one. But Fannin, while on his way to join Houston, was intercepted and surrounded by a strong Mexican detachment under Urrea, by whom, after two days' fighting, he was captured (March 20), and all his survivors, 357 men, treacherously shot in cold blood.

Houston, of course, continued his retreat, pursued by Santa Anna, but having too little to carry to be easily overtaken. He received some slight reenforcements on his march, and at the San Ja-

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cinto, April 10, met two guns (six-pounders), sent him from Cincinnati—his first. Santa Anna, still eagerly pressing on, had burned Harrisburg, the Texan capital, and crossed the San Jacinto with the advance of his army, the main body being detained on the other side by a freshet. Houston perceived his opportunity and embraced it. Facing suddenly about, he attacked the Mexican vanguard with great fury, firing several rounds of grape and canister at short range, then rushing to the attack with clubbed muskets (having no bayonets), and yells of "Remember the Alamo!" "Remember Goliad!"

The Mexicans were utterly routed, and dispersed—the return of 630 killed to 208 wounded, proving that very little mercy was shown by the Texans, who nevertheless took 730 prisoners (about their own number), who were probably picked up after the battle, as their general was, in the trees and bushes among which they had sought safety in concealment. Santa Anna's life was barely saved by Houston, who was among the twenty-five wounded, who, with eight killed, formed the sum total of Texan loss in the fight. Houston made a treaty with his prisoner, in obedience to which the main body of the Mexicans retreated and abandoned the country, as they doubtless would, at any rate, have done. This treaty further stipulated for the independence of Texas; but no one could have seriously supposed that such a stipulation, wrested from a prisoner of war in imminent and well-grounded fear of massacre, would bind his country, even had he, when free, had power to make such a treaty. The victory, not the treaty, was the true basis and assurance of Texan independence.

HOUSTON'S SEIZURE OF TEXAS

General Houston—who had meantime returned to the United States to obtain proper treatment for his wounded ankle, and to confer with General Jackson and other friends of Texas—was immediately chosen President of the new republic, and inaugurated, October 22, 1836. In March following, the United States took the lead in acknowledging the independence of Texas, and other nations in due time followed. Expeditions, fitted out in western Texas, were sent to Santa Fé on the north, and to Mier on the Rio Grande, and each badly handled by the Mexicans, who captured the Santa Fé party entire, and sent them prisoners to their capital; but, within her original boundaries, no serious demonstration was made against the new republic by Mexico, subsequently to Santa Anna's disastrous failure in 1836. Meantime, her population steadily increased by migration from the United States, and, to some extent, from Europe; so that, tho her finances were in woful disorder, and her northern frontier constantly harassed by savage raids, there was very little probability that Texas would ever have been reconquered by Mexico.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

(1835)

I

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY¹

Houston was now ready to assume the offensive. Several mutinous and recalcitrant companies, which had withdrawn from him during the retreat, perceiving, before it was too late, the wisdom of Houston's course, now rejoined him. His total force was at this time about seven hundred and fifty men. Santa Anna was within the heart of Texas with perhaps fifteen hundred men, far from his base of supplies, and without the possibility of succor or reenforcement, should he need either. He was utterly unsuspecting that Houston had at last assumed the offensive. He made the not uncommon mistake of the successful commander of despising his enemies. His detachment of a regiment to pursue the President was a fatal blunder.

Houston reached Harrisburg, which Santa Anna had destroyed, on the 18th of April, 1836. Leaving its baggage wagons, the army crossed Buffalo Bayou in a leaky scow and a timber raft. The cavalry horses were forced to swim the river. At dawn on the twentieth, receiving intelligence that

¹ From Brady's "Conquest of the Southwest." By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company. Copyright, 1905.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

the Mexican army was at hand, Houston marched to the junction of Buffalo Bayou and the San Jacinto River. Santa Anna, with twelve hundred men, was at New Washington. He immediately marched to attack Houston.

The armies came in contact that same afternoon. There was some skirmishing, but no decisive engagement. The Mexicans went into camp and threw up a flimsy entrenchment. On the morning of the 21st Santa Anna was joined by five hundred cavalymen under General Cos. The total force of the Texans was seven hundred and eighty-two. There were only two hundred bayonets in the Texan army. As the Mexicans outnumbered them more than two to one, the Texans expected to be attacked. The day wore away, however, without any movement being made by the Mexicans, and Houston decided at last to begin the engagement himself.

At four o'clock in the afternoon he ordered his small cavalry squadron and his two-gun battery to advance, the infantry following with their guns at a trail. The army band, which consisted of a solitary drum and fife, played a popular air, "Will you come to the bower?" The movement was screened from the enemy by two little islands or clumps of trees between the Texans and the Mexicans. Houston, wearing an old black coat, a black velvet vest, a pair of snuff-colored pantaloons, and dilapidated boots, with his pantaloons tucked into them, and carrying an old sword, led the advance. Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar was captain of the cavalry. Thomas J. Rusk, Secretary of War, commanded the left; Burleson, the center; and Sherman, the right. As the Texans passed the

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islands and came in full view of the Mexican lines. Houston galloped up and down the line on a white horse shouting profanely, "G—d d—n you, hold your fire!"

The place where the ensuing battle was fought was enclosed by marshes. There was only one safe way of retreat from it. That was by a road which led across the bayou, called the Vince's Bridge Road. When the army, now on a run, had come within a few hundred feet of the Mexican lines, Deaf Smith, a celebrated scout, dashed up, shouting that he had cut down Vince's Bridge, and that there was no retreat. Like Cortez, Houston had burned his boats behind him. It was to be a case of conquer or die. The men did not think of retreating. Shouting, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad! Remember La Bahia!" they broke from the timber and rushed upon the Mexican camp.

The surprise was complete. It had never occurred to the Mexicans that the Texans would have the temerity to attack so overwhelming a force. When the Americans burst upon them, Santa Anna was asleep, the cavalry were watering their horses, the cooks were preparing the evening meal, and the soldiers had laid aside their arms and were playing games. The Mexicans ran to their arms, but were driven from their breastworks by a well-aimed volley at close range. They actually had no time to discharge their guns. The "Twin Sisters" did valiant service. In a few minutes the whole Mexican line was in hopeless retreat. Lamar, by a gallant dash with his eighty horses, drove the five hundred cavalymen, struggling with their horses, in great confusion. Some of the

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Mexican officers bravely strove to rally and form their men, and put up a stout resistance, notably General Castrillon and Colonel Almonte, but in vain.

The battle was over in fifteen minutes. The Mexicans scattered in every direction; some, hotly pursued by the Americans, ran toward the bayou; others fled into the marshes back of their camp, only to be shot as they stood enmired. Colonel Almonte rallied five hundred men under the trees, but they were panic-stricken and he could do nothing with them. They were surrendered in a body. Six hundred and thirty men, including thirty-three officers, were killed on the field. Two hundred and eight, of whom eighteen were officers, were seriously wounded. Seven hundred and thirty were made prisoners. There were a few who escaped, and many who were not accounted for who perished in the marshes and rivers. The total Mexican loss was about seventeen hundred. There were eight Texans killed and twenty-three wounded. Santa Anna himself was captured the day after the battle. With him in Houston's possession, the war was over.

The battle of San Jacinto was a small engagement, but one of great importance, for it assured the independence of Texas. Nothing could have exceeded the dash and courage of the Texan force. Houston's maneuvering, his strategy before the battle, his tactics during it, were worthy of the highest praise.

Flushed with its astonishing victory, the army was inclined to exact bloody revenge for the Mexican treatment of Travis and Fannin, and their men. It was with difficulty that Houston pre-

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served Santa Anna from the fury of the soldiers, who recalled the massacres and murders of which he had been guilty. Santa Anna was fearful for his life, naturally, and the more willing to recognize the Texan Republic, or to do anything which would insure his own safety, on that account. Houston carefully guarded the person of the Mexican dictator, realizing the decisive importance of his capture in determining the future of Texas.

On May 14th, at Velasco, Santa Anna signed two treaties, a public and a private one, in which he agreed to the independence of Texas, and the withdrawal of all the Mexican troops in the territory.

The treaties were ratified by General Filisola, upon whom the command of the Mexican troops devolved after Santa Anna's capture, and Texas was immediately evacuated. The Texans released Santa Anna. So soon as he reached Mexico, he disavowed the treaties, claiming that they were extorted from him under duress. As to that, it is certain that his desire for freedom and his fear for his personal safety induced him to sign the treaties. Paying no attention to this attitude of the Mexican Government, the Texans at once assumed a place among the nations of the world. This place they maintained for ten years.

An election for President was held in September, 1836, and Sam Houston was chosen by an overwhelming majority over his competitors, Austin and Smith. Really, no man had done so much for Texas as Stephen F. Austin,² but the glamour of

² Austin was a native of Virginia, born in 1793, and is usually called the founder of the State of Texas. He established an American colony there in 1821, the year in which

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

Houston's decisive military success at San Jacinto was sufficient to give him the election by over five thousand votes, Austin and Smith receiving less than one thousand in the aggregate. Houston, wisely desirous of uniting all parties, made Austin Secretary of State, and Smith Secretary of the Treasury.

II

HOUSTON'S COMMENTS ON THE BATTLE¹

The General² proceeded on his way and met many fugitives. The day on which he left Washington, the 6th of March, the Alamo had fallen. He anticipated it; and marching to Gonzales as soon as practicable, tho his health was infirm, he arrived

Mexico achieved her independence of Spain. In 1833 he was sent to Mexico as Commissioner to urge the admission of Texas as a separate State of the Mexican union and was arrested and imprisoned for four months. Later he was sent to Washington as a commissioner seeking the recognition of Texas as an independent State.

¹ Houston made his report to Congress in the third person. It was printed in the *Congressional Globe*. Houston was a native of Virginia, born in 1793, and died in Texas in 1863. He served in the war of 1812, was a member of Congress from Tennessee from 1823 to 1827; Governor of Tennessee from 1827 to 1829; and Commander-in-Chief of the army of Texas, which defeated the Mexicans under Santa Anna at San Jacinto. He was chosen President of Texas in 1836, 1841, and 1844, and from 1845 to 1859 served as United States Senator from Texas. On retiring from the Senate he was again elected Governor of Texas, and served until 1861.

² That is, Houston himself.

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there on the 11th of March. He found at Gonzales three hundred and seventy-four men, half fed, half clad, and half armed, and without organization. That was the nucleus on which he had to form an army and defend the country. No sooner did he arrive than he sent a dispatch to Colonel Fannin, fifty-eight miles, which would reach him in thirty hours, to fall back. He was satisfied that the Alamo had fallen. Colonel Fannin was ordered to fall back from Goliad, twenty-five miles to Victoria, on the Guadalupe, thus placing him within striking distance of Gonzales, for he had only to march twenty-five miles to Victoria to be on the east side of the Colorado, with the only succor hoped for by the General. He received an answer from Colonel Fannin, *stating that he had received his order; had held a council of war; and that he had determined to defend the place, and called it Fort Defiance, and had taken the responsibility to disobey the order.* . . .

Fannin, after disobeying orders, attempted, on the 19th, to retreat; and had only twenty-five miles to reach Victoria. His opinions of chivalry and honor were such that he would not avail himself of the night to do it in, altho he had been admonished by the smoke of the enemies' encampment for eight days previous to attempting a retreat. He then attempted to retreat in open day. The Mexican cavalry surrounded him. He halted in a prairie, without water; commenced a fortification, and there was surrounded by the enemy, who, from the hill tops, shot down upon him. Tho the most gallant spirits were there with him, he remained in that situation all that night, and the next day, when a flag of truce was presented; he entered

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into a capitulation, and was taken to Goliad, on a promise to be returned to the United States with all associated with him. In less than eight days, the attempt was made to massacre him and every man with him. I believe some few did escape, most of whom came afterward and joined the army. . .

The remarkable march brought the army in a little time to Harrisburg, opposite which it halted. Orders were given by the General immediately to prepare rations for three days, and to be at an early hour in readiness to cross the bayou. . . .

The line of march was taken up for San Jacinto, for the purpose of cutting off Santa Anna below the junction of the San Jacinto and Buffalo bayou. . . . In the morning the sun had risen brightly, and he determined with this omen, "to-day the battle shall take place." . . . After the council was dismissed, the General sent for Deaf Smith and his comrade, Reeves, who came mounted, when he gave them the axes so as not to attract the attention of the troops. They placed them in their saddles, as Mexicans carry swords and weapons, and started briskly for the scene of action. The General announced to them: "You will be speedy if you return in time for the scenes that are to be enacted here."

They executed the order, and when the troops with the General were within sixty yards of the enemy's front, when charging, Deaf Smith returned and announced that the bridge was cut down. It had been preconcerted to announce that the enemy had received no reenforcement. It was announced to the army for the first time; for the idea that the bridge would be cut down was never thought of by

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any one but the General himself, until he ordered it to be done, and then only known to Smith and his comrade. It would have made the army polemics if it had been known that Vince's bridge was to be destroyed, for it cut off all means of escape for either army. There was no alternative but victory or death. . . .

With the exception of the Commander-in-Chief, no gentleman in the army had ever been in a general action, or even witnessed one; no one had been drilled in a regular army, or had been accustomed to the evolutions necessary to the maneuvering of troops. So soon as the disposition of the troops was made, according to his judgment, he announced to the Secretary of War the plan of battle. It was concurred in instantly. The Commander-in-Chief requested the Secretary of War to take command of the left wing, so as to possess him of the timber, and enable him to turn the right wing of the enemy. The General's plan of battle was carried out.

THE MOBBIING OF GARRISON IN BOSTON

(1835)

GARRISON'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

It was now apparent that the multitude would not disperse until I had left the building; and as egress out of the front door was impossible, the Mayor and his assistants, as well as some of my friends, earnestly besought me to effect my escape in the rear of the building. . . .

Preceded by my faithful and beloved friend, Mr. J—— R—— C——, I dropt from a back window on to a shed, and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. We entered into a carpenter's shop, through which we attempted to get into Wilson's Lane, but found our retreat cut off by the mob. They raised a shout as soon as we came in sight, but the workmen promptly closed the door of the shop, kept them at bay for a time,

¹ Printed in the "Life of Garrison," written by his children, and in Hart's "Source Book of American History." Printed here by permission of Francis Jackson Garrison, son of William Lloyd Garrison, and one of the authors of the "Life."

When this attack took place, Garrison had already been subjected to persecution for his activity as an Abolitionist and as editor of the *Liberator*. The immediate occasion for the attack described was a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, at which the English Abolitionist, Thompson, had been expected to speak.

and thus kindly afforded me an opportunity to find some other passage.

I told Mr. C. it would be futile to attempt to escape—I would go out to the mob, and let them deal with me as they might elect; but he thought it was my duty to avoid them as long as possible. We then went up stairs, and, finding a vacancy in one corner of the room, I got into it, and he and a young lad piled up some boards in front of me to shield me from observation. In a few minutes several ruffians broke into the chamber, who seized Mr. C. in a rough manner, and led him out to the view of the mob, saying, "This is not Garrison, but Garrison's and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is, but won't tell." Then a shout of exultation was raised by the mob, and what became of him I do not know; tho, as I was immediately discovered, I presume he escaped.

On seeing me, three or four of the rioters, uttering a yell, furiously dragged me to the window, with the intention of hurling me from that height to the ground; but one of them relented, and said—"Don't let us kill him outright." So they drew me back, and coiled a rope about my body—probably to drag me through the streets. I bowed to the mob, and, requesting them to wait patiently until I could descend, went down upon a ladder that was raised for that purpose. I fortunately extricated myself from the rope, and was seized by two or three powerful men, to whose firmness, policy and muscular energy I am probably indebted for my preservation.

They led me along bareheaded (for I had lost my hat), through a mighty crowd, ever and anon shouting, "He sha'n't be hurt!! You sha'n't hurt

THE MOBBIING OF GARRISON

him! Don't hurt him! He is an American," etc., etc. This seemed to excite sympathy among many in the crowd, and they reiterated the cry, "He sha'n't be hurt!" I was thus conducted through Wilson's Lane into State Street, in the rear of the City Hall, over the ground that was stained with the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of liberty and independence, by the memorable massacre of 1770²—and upon which was proudly unfurled, only a few years since, with joyous acclamations, the beautiful banner presented to the gallant Poles by the young men of Boston! . . .

Orders were now given to carry me to the Mayor's office in the City Hall. As we approached the south door, the Mayor attempted to protect me by his presence; but as he was unassisted by any show of authority or force, he was quickly thrust aside—and now came a tremendous rush on the part of the mob to prevent my entering the hall. For a moment the conflict was dubious—but my sturdy supporters carried me safely up to the Mayor's room. . . .

Having had my clothes rent asunder, one individual kindly lent me a pair of pantaloons—another, a coat—a third, a stock—a fourth, a cap as a substitute for my lost hat. After a consultation of fifteen or twenty minutes, the Mayor and his advisers came to the singular conclusion, that the building would be endangered by my continuing in it, and that the preservation of my life depended

²What is known as "the Boston massacre" is here referred to. It occurred in March, 1770, as the outcome of difficulties between British soldiers and a crowd of citizens. Provoked by words and hostile actions, the soldiers fired at the crowd, killing three and wounding five.

upon committing me to jail, ostensibly as a disturber of the peace! A hack was got in readiness at the door to receive me—and, supported by Sheriff Parkman and Ebenezer Bailey, Esq. (the Mayor leading the way), I succeeded in getting into it without much difficulty, as I was not readily identified in my new garb.

Now came a scene that baffles the power of description. As the ocean, lashed into fury by the spirit of the storm, seeks to overwhelm the adventurous bark beneath its mountain waves—so did the mob, enraged by a series of disappointments, rush like a whirlwind upon the frail vehicle in which I sat, and endeavored to drag me out of it. Escape seemed a physical impossibility. They clung to the wheels—dashed open the doors—seized hold of the horses—and tried to upset the carriage. They were, however, vigorously repulsed by the police—a constable sprang in by my side—the doors were closed—and the driver, lustily using his whip upon the bodies of his horses and the heads of the rioters, happily made an opening through the crowd, and drove at a tremendous speed for Leverett Street. But many of the rioters followed even with superior swiftness, and repeatedly attempted to arrest the progress of the horses. To reach the jail by a direct course was found impracticable; and after going in a circuitous direction, and encountering many “hairbreadth ’scapes,” we drove up to this new and last refuge of liberty and life, when another bold attempt was made to seize me by the mob—but in vain. In a few moments I was locked up in a cell, safe from my persecutors, accompanied by two delightful associates, a good conscience and a cheerful mind.

THE MURDER OF LOVEJOY

(1837)

BY HORACE GREELEY¹

Elijah P. Lovejoy, son of Rev. Daniel Lovejoy, and the eldest of seven children, was born at Albion, Maine, November 9, 1802. His ancestors, partly English and partly Scotch, all of the industrious middle class, had been citizens of New Hampshire and of Maine for several generations. He was distinguished, from early youth, alike for diligence in labor and for zeal and success in the acquisition of knowledge. He graduated with high honors at Waterville College, Maine, in September, 1826. In May following, he turned his face westward, and in the autumn of that year found employment as a teacher in St. Louis. In 1828, he became editor of a political journal, of the "National Republican" faith, and was thence actively engaged in politics of the Clay and Webster school, until January, 1832, when he was brought under deep religious impressions, and the next month united with the Presbyterian Church. Relinquishing his political pursuits and prospects, he engaged in a course of study preparatory for the ministry, entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, on the 24th of March.

He received, next spring, a license to preach from the second Presbytery of Philadelphia, and

¹ From Greeley's "American Conflict."

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spent the summer as an evangelist in Newport, R. I., and in New York. He left the last-named city in the autumn of that year, and returned to St. Louis, at the urgent invitation of a circle of fellow-Christians, who desired him to establish and edit a religious newspaper in that city—furnishing a capital of twelve hundred dollars for the purpose, and guaranteeing him, in writing, the entire control of the concern.

The *St. Louis Observer*, weekly, was accordingly first issued on the 22d of November. It was of the "Evangelical" or Orthodox Protestant school; but had no controversy, save with wickedness, and no purpose but to quicken the zeal and enlarge the usefulness of professing Christians, while adding, if possible, to their number. There is no evidence that it was commenced with any intent to war on slavery, or with any expectation of exciting the special hostility of any interest but that of Satan. Its first exhibition of a combative or belligerent tendency had for its object the Roman Catholics and their dogmas; but this, tho it naturally provoked some resentment in a city so largely Catholic as St. Louis, excited no tumult or violence. Its first articles concerning slavery were exceedingly moderate in their tone, and favorable rather to colonization than to immediate Abolition. Even when the editor first took decided ground against slavery, he still affirmed his hostility to immediate, unconditional emancipation. . . .

On the request of its proprietors, Mr. Lovejoy gave up the establishment to them, intending to leave St. Louis; but they handed it over in payment of a debt of five hundred dollars, and the new owner immediately presented it to Mr. Love-

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joy, telling him to go on with the paper as before. Meantime, his press was taken from St. Louis, by steamboat, to Alton, and landed on the bank about daylight on Sunday morning. It lay there in safety through the Sabbath; but, before the next morning, it had been destroyed by some five or six individuals. On Monday, a meeting of citizens was held, and a pledge voluntarily given to make good to Mr. Lovejoy his loss. The meeting passed some resolutions condemnatory of Abolitionism, and Mr. Lovejoy assured them that he had not come to Alton to establish an Abolition, but a religious, journal; that he was not an Abolitionist, as they understood the term, but was an uncompromising enemy of slavery, and so expected to live and die.

The *Observer* was issued regularly at Alton until the 17th of August, 1837—discussing slavery among other topics, but occasionally, and in a spirit of decided moderation. But no moderation could satisfy those who had determined that the subject should not be discust at all. . . .

Two unsuccessful attempts having already been made—the office of *The Observer* was entered between the hours of ten and eleven p.m., by a band of fifteen or twenty persons, and the press, type, etc., utterly destroyed. The mob commenced, as usual, by throwing stones at the building, whereby one man was hit on the head and severely wounded; whereupon the office was deserted, and the destroyers finished their work without opposition, while a large concourse were “looking on and consenting.” The authorities did nothing most rigorously. Mr. Lovejoy was absent at the time, but was met in the street by the mob, who stopt him,

threatened him, and assailed him with vile language, but did him no serious harm.

On the 24th of August he issued an appeal to the friends of law and order for aid in reestablishing *The Observer*; and this appeal was promptly and generously responded to. Having obtained a sufficient amount in Alton and Quincy alone, he sent to Cincinnati to purchase new printing materials. Meantime, he issued an address, submitting "To the Friends of the Redeemer in Alton" his resignation of the editorship of the paper, offering to hand over to them the subscription list, now exceeding two thousand names, on condition that they pay the debts of the concern, receive all dues and assets, and furnish him sufficient means to remove himself and family to another field of labor. A meeting was accordingly held, which resolved that *The Observer* ought to be continued, while the question of retaining Mr. Lovejoy as its editor was discusst through two or three evenings, but left undecided.

Meantime, while he was absent, attending a meeting of the Presbytery, his new press—the third which he had brought to Alton within a little more than a year—arrived on the 21st of September, was landed about sunset, and immediately conveyed by his friends to the warehouse of Geary & Weller. As it passed along the streets—"There goes the Abolition press! stop it! stop it!" was cried, but no violence was attempted. The Mayor, apprized of its arrival and also of its peril, gave assurance that it should be protected, and asked its friends to leave the matter entirely in his hands, which they did. A constable was posted by the Mayor at the door of the warehouse, with

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orders to remain until a certain hour. He left at that hour; and immediately ten or twenty ruffians, with handkerchiefs tied over their faces, broke open the store, rolled the press across the street to the river-bank, broke it into pieces, and threw it in. Before they had finished the job, the Mayor was on hand, and ordered them to disperse. They replied, that they would, so soon as they got through, and were as good as their word. The Mayor declared that he had never witnessed a more quiet and gentlemanly mob!

Mr. Lovejoy preached at St. Charles, Missouri, the home of his wife's relatives, a few days after—October 1st—and was mobbed at the house of his mother-in-law, directly after his return from evening church. The mob attempted, with oaths and blows, to drag him from the house, but were defeated, mainly through the courageous efforts of his wife and one or two friends. Three times the house was broken into and a rush made up-stairs; and, finally, Mr. Lovejoy was induced, through the entreaties of his wife, to leave it clandestinely and take refuge with a friend, a mile distant, whence he and his wife made their way back to Alton next day. . . .

It was known in Alton that a new press was now on the way to Mr. Lovejoy, and might arrive at any time. Great excitement pervaded the community. Friends were on the alert to protect it on its arrival, and enemies to insure its destruction. It finally reached St. Louis on the night of the 5th, and an arrangement was made to have it landed at Alton at three o'clock on the morning of the 7th. Meantime Mr. Lovejoy and a friend went to the Mayor and notified him of its expected arrival,

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and of the threats that it should be destroyed, requesting the appointment of special constables to protect it. A meeting of the City Council was held, and some discussion had; but the subject was laid on the table and nothing done. . . .

About ten o'clock, some thirty persons, as if by preconcert, suddenly emerged from a neighboring grog-shop—a few of them with arms, but the majority with only stones in their hands—formed a line at the south end of the store, next the river, knocked and hailed. Mr. Gilman, from the garret door, asked what they wanted. Their leader replied: "The press." Mr. Gilman assured them that it would not be given up; adding: "We have no ill feelings toward any of you, and should much regret to do you any injury; but we are authorized by the Mayor to defend our property, and shall do so with our lives." The leader replied that they were resolved to have the press at any sacrifice, and presented a pistol, whereupon Mr. Gilman retired into the building. . . .

The warehouse being of stone, and solidly built, no further impression was made on it by this assault. Finding their missiles ineffectual, the mob fired two or three guns into the building, by which no one was hit. The fire was then returned, and several of the rioters wounded, one of them mortally. Hereupon, the mob recoiled, carrying off their wounded. But they soon returned with ladders, and other preparations for firing the roof of the warehouse, cursing and shouting, "Burn them out! burn them out!" They kept carefully on the side of the building where there were no windows, so that they could not be injured or repelled by its defenders. The Mayor and a justice were now de-

THE MURDER OF LOVEJOY

puted by the mob to bear a message to the inmates of the building, proposing that, on condition the press were given up, no one should be further molested, and no more property destroyed. The proposition was quietly declined. . . .

The mob now raised their ladders against the building, mounted to the roof, and kindled a fire there, which burned rather slowly. Five of the defenders hereupon volunteered to sally out and drive them away. They left by the south door, passed around the corner to the east side of the building, and fired upon the man who guarded the foot of the ladder, drove him off, and dispersed his immediate comrades, returning to the store to reload. Mr. Lovejoy and two others stepped again to the door, and stood looking around just without the building—Mr. Lovejoy in advance of the others. Several of the rioters were concealed from their view behind a pile of lumber a few rods in their front. One of these had a two-barreled gun, which he fired. Mr. Lovejoy received five balls, three of them in his breast, probably each mortal. He turned quickly, ran into the store, and up a flight of stairs into the counting-room, where he fell, exclaiming, "Oh God, I am shot! I am shot!" and almost instantly expired. One of his friends received at the same time a ball in his leg, of which he recovered. Those remaining alive in the building now held a consultation, and concluded to surrender. . . .

Mr. Lovejoy's remains were borne away next morning to his dwelling, amid the jeers and scoffs of his murderers. He was buried the day following—Thursday, November 9.

THE PANIC OF 1837

BY EDWARD M. SHEPARD¹

On March 4, 1837, Jackson and Van Buren rode together from the White House to the Capitol in a "beautiful phaeton" made from the timber of the old frigate *Constitution*, the gift to the General from the Democrats of New York city. He was the third and last President who has, after serving through his term, left office amid the same enthusiasm which attended him when he entered it, and to whom the surrender of place has not been full of those pangs which attend sudden loss of power, and of which the certain anticipation ought to moderate ambition in a country so rarely permitting a long and continuous public career. Washington, amid an almost unanimous love and reverence, left a station of which he was unaffectedly weary; and he was greater out of office than in it. Jefferson and Jackson remained really powerful characters. . . .

Leaving the White House under a still and brilliant sky, the retiring and incoming rulers had such a popular and military attendance as without much order or splendor has usually gone up Capi-

¹ From Shepard's "Life of Martin Van Buren." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright 1888-1899. Mr. Shepard was an eminent lawyer in New York, and an unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Mayor. He died in 1911, after having been an unsuccessful candidate for United States Senator.

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tol Hill with our Presidents. Van Buren's inaugural speech was heard, it is said, by nearly twenty thousand persons; for he read it with remarkable distinctness and in a quiet air, from the historic eastern portico. He returned from the inauguration to his private residence; and with a fine deference insisted upon Jackson remaining in the White House until his departure, a few days later, for Tennessee. Van Buren, in his own carriage, took Jackson to the terminus of the new railway upon which the journey home was to begin. He bade the old man a most affectionate farewell, and promised to visit him at the Hermitage in the summer. . . .

Van Buren's inaugural address began again with the favorite touch of humility, but it now had an agreeable dignity. He was, he said, the first President born after the Revolution; he belonged to a later age than his illustrious predecessors. Nor ought he to expect his countrymen to weigh his actions with the same kind and partial hand which they had used toward worthies of Revolutionary times. But he piously looked for the sustaining support of Providence, and the kindness of a people who had never yet deserted a public servant honestly laboring in their cause. . . .

The lucid optimism of the speech was in perfect temper with this one of those shining and mellow days which even March now and then brings to Washington. But there was latent in the atmosphere a storm, carrying with it a furious and complete devastation. The profoundly thrilling and hidden delight which comes with the first taste of supreme power, even to the experienced and battered man of affairs, had been enjoyed by Van

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Buren only a few days, when the air grew heavy about him, and then perturbed, and then violently agitated, until in two months broke fiercely and beyond all restraint the most terrific of commercial convulsions in the United States. Since Washington began the experiment of our Federal Government amid the sullen doubts of extreme Federalists and extreme Democrats, no President, save only Abraham Lincoln, has had to face at the outset of his Presidency so appalling a political situation.

The causes of the panic of 1837 lay far deeper than in the complex processes of banking or in the faults of Federal administration of the finances. But, as a man suddenly ill prefers to find for his ailment some recent and obvious cause, and is not convinced by even a long and dangerous sickness that its origin lay in old and continued habits of life, so the greater part of the American people and of their leaders believed this extraordinary crisis to be the result of financial blunders of Jackson's administration. They believed that Van Buren could with a few strokes of his pen repair, if he pleased, those blunders, and restore commercial confidence and prosperity. The panic of 1837 became, and has very largely remained, the subject of political and partizan differences, which obscure its real phenomena and causes. The far-seeing and patriotic intrepidity with which Van Buren met its almost overwhelming difficulties is really the crown of his political career. Fairly to appreciate the service he then rendered his country, the causes of this famous crisis must be attentively considered.

In 1819 the United States suffered from com-

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mercial and financial derangement, which may be assumed to have been the effect of the second war with Great Britain. The enormous waste of a great war carried on by a highly organized nation is apt not to become obvious in general business distress until some time after the war has ended. A buoyant extravagance in living and in commercial and manufacturing ventures will continue after a peace has brought its extraordinary promises, upon the faith of which, and in joyful ignorance, the evil and inevitable day is postponed. All this was seen later and on a vaster scale from 1865 to 1873.

In 1821 the country had quite recovered from its depression; and from this time on to near the end of Jackson's administration the United States saw a material prosperity, doubtless greater than any before known. The exuberant outburst of John Quincy Adams' message of 1827—that the productions of our soil, the exchanges of our commerce, the vivifying labors of human industry, had combined "to mingle in our cup a portion of enjoyment as large and liberal as the indulgence of Heaven has perhaps ever granted to the imperfect state of man upon earth"—was in the usual tone of the public utterances of our Presidents from 1821 to 1837. Our harvests were always great. We were a chosen people delighting in reminders from our rulers of our prosperity, and not restless under their pious urgency of perennial gratitude to Providence. In 1821 the national debt had slightly increased, reaching upward of \$90,000,000; but from that time its steady and rapid payment went on until it was all discharged in 1834. Our cities grew. Our population

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stretched eagerly out into the rich Mississippi valley.

From a population of ten millions in 1821, we reached sixteen millions in 1837. New York from about 1,400,000, became 2,200,000; and Pennsylvania from about 1,000,000, became 1,600,000. But the amazing growth was at the West—Illinois from 60,000 to 400,000, Indiana from 170,000 to 600,000, Ohio from 600,000 to 1,400,000, Tennessee from 450,000 to 800,000. Missouri had increased her 70,000 five-fold; Mississippi her 80,000 four-fold; Michigan her 10,000 twenty-fold. Iowa and Wisconsin were entirely unsettled in 1821; in 1837 the fertile lands of the former maintained nearly forty thousand and of the latter nearly thirty thousand hardy citizens. New towns and cities rose with magical rapidity. With much that was unlovely there was also exhibited an amazing energy and capacity for increase in wealth. . . .

Roads, canals, river improvements, preceded, attended, followed these sudden settlements, this vast and jubilant movement of population. There was an extraordinary growth of "internal improvements." In his message of 1831, Jackson rejoiced at the high wages earned by laborers in the construction of these works, which he truly said were "extending with unprecedented rapidity." The constitutional power of the Federal Government to promote the improvements within the States became a serious question, because the improvements proposed were upon so vast a scale. No single interest had for fifteen years before 1837 held so large a part of American attention as did the making of canals and roads. The debates of Congress and legislatures, the messages of Presi-

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dents and governors, were full of it. If the Erie Canal, finished in 1825, had rendered vast natural resources available, and had made its chief builder famous, why should not like schemes prosper further west? The success of railroads was already established; and there was indefinite promise in the extensions of them already planned. In 1830 twenty-three miles had been constructed; in 1831 ninety-four miles; and in 1836 the total construction had risen to 1,273 miles. . . .

The American people with one consent gave themselves to an amazing extravagance of land speculation. The Eden which Martin Chuzzlewit saw in later material decay was to be found in the new country on almost every stream to the east of the Mississippi, and on many streams west of it, where flatboats could be floated. Frauds there doubtless were; but they were incidental to the honest delusion of intelligent men inspired by the most extraordinary growth the world had seen. The often quoted illustration of Mobile, the valuation of whose real estate rose from \$1,294,810 in 1831, to \$27,482,961, in 1837, to sink again in 1846 to \$8,638,250, not unfairly tells the story. In Pensacola, lots which to-day are worth \$50 each, were sold for as much as lots on Fifth Avenue, in New York, which to-day are worth \$100,000 apiece. Real estate in the latter city was assessed in 1836 at more than it was in the greatly larger and richer city of fifteen years later. From 1830 to 1837 the steamboat tonnage on the Western rivers rose from 63,053 to 253,661. From 1833 to 1837 the cotton crop of the newer slave States, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, increased from 536,450 to

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916,960 bales, while the price with fluctuations rose from ten to twenty cents a pound. . . .

The price of public lands was fixed by law at \$1.25 an acre; and they were open to any purchaser, without the wholesome limits of acreage and the restraint to actual settlers which were afterward established. Here then was a commodity whose price to wholesale purchasers did not rise, and the very commodity by which so many fortunes had been made. In public lands, therefore, the fury of money-getting, the boastful confidence in the future of the country, reached their climax. From 1820 to 1829 the annual sales had averaged less than \$1,300,000, in 1829 being \$1,517,175. But in 1830 they exceeded \$2,300,000, in 1831 \$3,200,000, in 1832 \$2,600,000, in 1833 \$3,900,000, and in 1834 \$4,800,000. In 1835 they suddenly mounted to \$14,757,600, and in 1836 to \$24,877,179. In his messages of 1829 and 1830 Jackson not unreasonably treated the moderate increase in the sales as a proof of increasing prosperity. In 1831 his congratulations were hushed; but in 1835 he again fancied, even in the abnormal sales of that year, only an ampler proof of ampler prosperity. In 1836 he at last saw that tremendous speculation was the true significance of the enormous increase. Prices of course went up. Everybody thought himself richer and his labor worth more.

There is no longer dispute that the prostration of business in 1837, and for several years afterward, was the perfectly natural result of the speculation which had gone before. The absurd denunciations of Van Buren by the most eminent of the Whigs for not ending the crisis by governmental interference are no longer respected. . . .

THE PANIC OF 1837

The enormous extension of bank credits during the three years before the breakdown in 1837 was rather the symptom than the cause of the disease. The fever of speculation was in the veins of the community before "kiting" began. Bank officers dwelt in the same atmosphere as did other Americans, and their sanguine extravagance in turn stimulated the universal temper of speculation.

When the United States Bank lost the government deposits, late in 1833, they amounted to a little less than \$10,000,000. On January 1, 1835, more than a year after the State banks took the deposits, they had increased to a little more than \$10,000,000. But the public debt being then paid and the outgo of money thus checked, the deposits had by January 1, 1836, reached \$25,000,000, and by June 1, 1836, \$41,500,000. This enormous advance represented the sudden increase in the sales of public lands, which were paid for in bank paper, which in turn formed the bulk of the government deposits. The deposits were with only a small part of the six hundred and more State banks then in existence. But the increase in the sales of public lands was the result of all the organic causes and of all the long train of events which had seated the fever of speculation so profoundly in the American character of the day. To those causes and events must ultimately be ascribed the extension of bank credits so far as it immediately arose out of the increase of government deposits. Nor is there any sufficient reason to suppose that if the deposits, instead of being in fifty State banks, had remained in the United States Bank and its branches, the tendency to speculation would have been less. The influences which

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surrounded that bank were the very influences most completely subject to the popular mania.

But the increase of government deposits was only fuel added to the flames. The craze for banks and credits was unbounded before the removal of the deposits had taken place, and before their great increase could have had serious effect. Between 1830 and January 1, 1834, the banking capital of the United States had risen from \$61,000,000 to about \$200,000,000; the loans and discounts of the banks from \$200,000,000 to \$324,000,000; and their note circulation from \$61,000,000 to \$95,000,000. The increase from January 1, 1834, to January 1, 1836, was even more rapid, the banking capital advancing in the two years to \$251,000,000, the loans and discounts to \$457,000,000, and the note circulation to \$140,000,000. But there was certainty of disaster in the abnormal growth from 1830 to 1834. The insanity of speculation was in ample tho unobserved control of the country while Nicholas Biddle still controlled the deposits, and was certain to reach a climax whether they stayed with him or went elsewhere.

It is difficult rightly to apportion among the statesmen and politicians of the time so much of blame for the mania of speculation as must go to that body of men. They had all drunk in the national intoxication over American success and growth. . . .

The great and long concealed devastation of physical wealth and of the accumulation of legitimate labor, by premature improvements and costly personal living, became now quickly apparent. Fancied wealth sank out of sight. Paper symbols of new cities and towns, canals and roads, were

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not only without value, but they were now plainly seen to be so. Rich men became poor men. The prices of articles in which there had been speculation sank in the reaction far below their true value. The industrious and the prudent, who had given their labor and their real wealth for paper promises issued upon the credit of seemingly assured fortunes, suffered at once with men whose fortunes had never been anything better than the delusions of their hope and imagination.

It is now plain enough that to recover from this crisis was a work of physical reparation to which must go time, industry, and frugality. There was folly in every effort to retain and use as valuable assets the investments in companies and banks whose usefulness, if it had ever begun, was now ended. There was folly in every effort to conceal from the world by words of hopefulness the fact that the imagined values in new cities and garden lands had disappeared in a rude disenchantment as complete as that of Abou-Hassan in the "Thousand and One Nights," or that of Sly, the tinker, left untold in the "Taming of the Shrew." Their sites were no more than wild lands, whose value must wait the march of American progress, fast enough indeed to the rest of the world, but slow as the snail to the wild pacing of the speculators. Every pretense of a politician, whether in or out of the Senate chamber, that the government could by devices of financiering avoid this necessity of long physical repair, was either folly or wickedness. And of this folly or even wickedness there was no lack in the anxious spring and summer of 1837.

There had already occurred in many quarters

that misery which is borne by the humbler producers of wealth not for their own consumption, but simply for exchange, whose earnings are not increased to meet the inflation of prices upon which traders and speculators are accumulating apparent fortunes and spending them as if they were real. On February 14, 1837, several thousand people met in front of the City Hall in New York under a call of men whom the *Commercial Advertiser* described as "Jackson Jacobins." The call was headed: "Bread, meat, rent, fuel! Their prices must come down!" It invited the presence of "all friends of humanity determined to resist monopolists and extortionists." A very respectable meeting about high prices had been held two or three weeks before at the Broadway Tabernacle. The meeting in the City Hall Park, with a mixture of wisdom and folly, urged the prohibition of bank-notes under \$100, and called for gold and silver; and then denounced landlords and dealers in provisions. The excitement of the meeting was followed by a riot, in which a great flour warehouse was gutted. The rioters were chiefly foreigners and few in number; nor were the promoters of the meeting involved in the riot. The military were called out; and Eli Hart & Co., the unfortunate flour merchants, issued a card pointing out with grim truth "that the destruction of the article can not have a tendency to reduce the price."

Commercial failures began in New York about April 1. By April 8 nearly one hundred failures had occurred in that city—five of foreign and exchange brokers, thirty of dry-goods jobbers, sixteen of commission houses, twenty-eight of real-estate speculators, eight of stock-brokers, and sev-

eral others. Three days later the failures had reached one hundred and twenty-eight. Provisions, wages, rents, everything, as the New York *Herald* on that day announced, were coming down. Within a few days more the failures were too numerous to be specially noticed; and before the end of the month the rest of the country was in a like condition. The prostration in the newer cotton States was peculiarly complete. Their staple was now down to ten cents a pound; within a year it had been worth twenty. All other staples fell enormously in price. . . .

When Congress assembled, the country had cried itself, if not to sleep, at least to seeming quiet. The sun had not ceased to rise and set. Altho merchants and bankers were prostrate with anxiety or even in irremediable ruin; altho thousands of clerks and laborers were out of employment or earning absurdly low wages—for near New York hundreds of laborers were rejected who applied for work at four dollars a month and board; altho honest frontiersmen found themselves hopelessly isolated in a wilderness—for the frontier had suddenly shrunk far behind them—still the harvest had been good, the masses of men had been at work, and economy had prevailed. The desperation was over. But there was a profound melancholy, from which a recovery was to come only too soon to be lasting. . . .

Another year, Van Buren now hoped, would bring a complete recovery from the blow of 1837. But the autumn of 1839 had also brought a blast, to grow more and more chilling and disastrous. In the early fall the Bank of the United States agreed to loan Pennsylvania \$2,000,000; and for

the loan obtained the privilege of issuing \$5 notes, having before been restricted to notes of \$20 and upward. "Thus has the Van Buren State of Pennsylvania," it was boasted, "enabled the banks to overcome the reckless system of a Van Buren national administration." The price of cotton, which had risen to 16 cents a pound, fell in the summer of 1839, and in 1840 touched as low a point as 5 cents. In the Northwest many banks had not yet resumed since 1837. To avoid execution sales it was said that two hundred plantations had been abandoned and their slaves taken to Texas. The sheriff, instead of the ancient return, *nulla bona*, was said, in the grim sport of the frontier, to indorse on the fruitless writs "G. T.," meaning "Gone to Texas."

A money stringency again appeared in England, in 1839. Its exportation of goods and money to America had again become enormous. The customs duties collected in 1839 were over \$23,000,000, and about the same as they had been in 1836, having fallen in 1837 to \$11,000,000, and afterward in 1840 falling to \$13,000,000. Speculation revived, the land sales exceeding \$7,000,000 in 1839, while they had been \$3,700,000 in 1838, and afterward fell to \$3,000,000 in 1840. Under the pressure from England the Bank of the United States sank with a crash. . . .

Altho the excitement of 1839 did not equal that of 1837, there was a duller and completer despondency. It was at last known that the recuperative power of even our own proud and bounding country had limits. Years were yet necessary to a recovery.

THE SECOND SEMINOLE

(1838—1839)

BY THOMAS H. BENTON¹

This was one of the most troublesome, expensive and unmanageable Indian wars in which the United States had been engaged; and from the length of time which it continued, the amount of money it cost, and the difficulty of obtaining results, it became a convenient handle of attack upon the administration; and in which party spirit, in pursuit of its object, went the length of injuring both individual and national character. It continued about seven years—as long as the Revolutionary War—cost some thirty millions of money—and baffled the exertions of several generals; recommenced when supposed to be finished; and was only finally terminated by changing military campaigns into an armed occupation by settlers. All the opposition presses and orators took hold of it, and made its misfortunes the common theme of invective and declamation.

Its origin was charged to the oppressive conduct of the administration—its protracted length to their imbecility—its cost to their extravagance—its defeats to the want of foresight and care. The Indians stood for an innocent and persecuted people. Heroes and patriots were made of their chiefs. Our generals and troops were decried; applause

¹ From Benton's "Thirty Years' View."

was lavished upon a handful of savages who could thus defend their country; and corresponding censure upon successive armies which could not conquer them. All this going incessantly into the Congress debates and the party newspapers, was injuring the administration at home, and the country abroad; and, by dint of iteration and reiteration, stood a good chance to become history, and to be handed down to posterity.

At the same time the war was one of flagrant and cruel aggression on the part of these Indians. Their removal to the west of the Mississippi was part of the plan for the general removal of all the Indians, and every preparation was complete for their departure by their own agreement, when it was interrupted by a horrible act. It was the 28th day of December, 1835, that the United States agent in Florida, and several others, were suddenly massacred by a party under Osceola,² who had just been at the hospitable table with them: at the same time the sutler and others were attacked as they sat at table: same day two expresses were killed: and to crown these bloody deeds, the same day witnessed the destruction of Major Dade's command of 112 men, on its march from Tampa Bay to Withlacotee. All these massacres were surprises, the result of concert, and executed as such upon unsuspecting victims. The agent (Mr. Thompson) and some friends were shot from the bushes while taking a walk near his house: the sutler and his guests were shot at the dinner table:

² Osceola, the Seminole chief, was born in Georgia in 1804 and died at Fort Moultrie, S. C., where he was a prisoner, in 1838. He was the son of an English trader and an Indian woman.

THE SECOND SEMINOLE WAR

the express riders were waylaid, and shot in the road: Major Dade's command was attacked on the march, by an unseen foe, overpowered, and killed nearly to the last man. All these deadly attacks took place on the same day and at points wide apart—showing that the plot was as extensive as it was secret, and cruel as it was treacherous; for not a soul was spared in either of the four relentless attacks.

It was two days after the event that an infantry soldier of Major Dade's command appeared at Fort King, on Tampa Bay, from which it had marched six days before, and gave information of what had happened. The command was on the march, in open pine woods, tall grass all around, and a swamp on the left flank. The grass concealed a treacherous ambuscade. The advanced guard had passed, and was cut off. Both the advance and the main body were attacked at the same moment, but divided from each other. A circle of fire enclosed each—fire from an invisible foe. To stand was to be shot down: to advance was to charge upon concealed rifles. But it was the only course—was bravely adopted—and many savages, thus sprung from their coverts, were killed. The officers, courageously exposing themselves, were rapidly shot—Major Dade early in the action. At the end of an hour successive charges had roused the savages from the grass (which seemed to be alive with their naked and painted bodies, yelling and leaping), and driven beyond the range of shot.

But the command was too much weakened for a further operation. The wounded were too numerous to be carried along: too precious to be left behind to be massacred. The battle-ground was

maintained, and a small band had conquered respite from attack: but to advance or retreat was equally impossible. The only resource was to build a small pen of pine logs, cut from the forest, collect the wounded and the survivors into it, as into a little fort, and repulse the assailants as long as possible. This was done till near sunset—the action having begun at ten in the morning.

By that time every officer was dead but one, and he desperately wounded, and helpless on the ground. Only two men remained without wounds, and they red with the blood of others, spirted upon them, or stained in helping the helpless. The little pen was filled with the dead and the dying. The firing ceased. The expiring lieutenant told the survivors he could do no more for them, and gave them leave to save themselves as they could. They asked his advice. He gave it to them; and to that advice we are indebted for the only report of that bloody day's work. He advised them all to lay down among the dead—to remain still—and take their chances of being considered dead. This advice was followed. All became still, prostrate and motionless; and the savages, slowly and cautiously approaching, were a long time before they would venture within the ghastly pen, where danger might still lurk under apparent death.

A squad of about forty negroes—fugitives from the Southern States, more savage than the savage—were the first to enter. They came in with knives and hatchets, cutting throats and splitting skulls wherever they saw a sign of life. To make sure of skipping no one alive, all were pulled and handled, punched and kicked; and a groan or movement, an opening of the eye, or even the in-

voluntary contraction of a muscle, was an invitation to the knife and the tomahawk. Only four of the living were able to subdue sensations, bodily and mental, and remain without sign of feeling under this dreadful ordeal; and two of these received stabs, or blows—as many of the dead did. Lying still until the search was over, and darkness had come on, and the butchers were gone, these four crept from among their dead comrades and undertook to make their way back to Tampa Bay—separating into two parties for greater safety.

The one that came in first had a narrow escape. Pursuing a path the next day, an Indian on horseback, and with a rifle across the saddle-bow, met them full in the way. To separate, and take the chance of a divided pursuit, was the only hope for either: and they struck off into opposite directions. The one to the right was pursued; and very soon the sharp crack of a rifle made known his fate to the one that had gone to the left. To him it was a warning, that his comrade being dispatched, his own turn came next. It was open pine woods, and a running, or standing, man visible at a distance. The Indian on horseback was already in view. Escape by flight was impossible. Concealment in the grass, or among the palmettos, was the only hope; and this was tried. The man laid close: the Indian rode near him. He made circles around, eying the ground far and near. Rising in his stirrups to get a wider view, and seeing nothing, he turned the head of his horse and galloped off—the poor soldier having been almost under the horse's feet. This man, thus marvelously escaping, was the first to bring in the sad report of the Dade

defeat—followed soon after by two others with its melancholy confirmation.

And these were the only reports ever received of that completest of defeats. No officer survived to report a word. All were killed in their places—men and officers, each in his place, no one breaking ranks or giving back: and when afterward the ground was examined, and events verified by signs, the skeletons in their places, and the bullet holes in trees and logs, and the little pen with its heaps of bones, showed that the carnage had taken place exactly as described by the men. And this was the slaughter of Major Dade and his command—of 108 out of 112; as treacherous, as barbarous, as perseveringly cruel as ever was known. One single feature is some relief to the sadness of the picture, and discriminates this defeat from most others suffered at the hands of Indians. There were no prisoners put to death; for no man surrendered. There were no fugitives slain in vain attempts at flight; for no one fled. All stood, and fought, and fell in their places, returning blow for blow while life lasted. It was the death of soldiers, showing that steadiness in defeat which is above courage in victory.

And this was the origin of the Florida Indian war: and a more treacherous, ferocious, and cold-blooded origin was never given to any Indian war. Yet such is the perversity of party spirit that its author—the savage Osceola—has been exalted into a hero-patriot; our officers, disparaged and ridiculed; the administration loaded with obloquy. And all this by our public men in Congress, as well as by writers in the daily and periodical publications. The future historian who should take these speeches

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and publications for their guide (and they are too numerous and emphatic to be overlooked), would write a history discreditable to our arms, and reproachful to our justice. It would be a narrative of wickedness and imbecility on our part—of patriotism and heroism on the part of the Indians: those Indians whose very name (Seminole—wild), define them as the fugitives from all tribes, and made still worse than fugitive Indians by a mixture with fugitive negroes, some of whom became their chiefs.³

³ Of the war itself, its nature and causes, Mr. Schouler says in his "History of the United States": "This was the last serious obstruction offered by our Indian population to the national plan, nearly carried out already, of transferring them bodily to the west side of the Mississippi. Farther and farther removed from the encroaching surge of civilized settlement, their cries grew fainter, and their chastisement, when necessary, henceforth devolved upon the United States regulars, our only professional soldiers. Seldom again, as in earlier days, was the war-whoop to pierce with alarm, even in border villages; for the tribal alliances were ruptured, and Indian wars from henceforth were skirmishes which occasion might force at the outposts of distant reservations. President Jackson's imperious orders had taken effect in all quarters save one.

"Far down at the peninsula of sandy Florida a last stand was made by Osceola and his Seminoles for the abiding-place of their ancestors. The war was a bloody and expensive one; lasting seven years, costing some twenty millions or more as another item to score under the purchase price of these old Spanish dominions, and baffling some of the best and bravest American generals. The treaty for the transfer of these tribes to the far West, signed in 1832, ratified in 1834, postponed at the solicitation of their chiefs till 1836, and then solemnly renewed, the Seminoles broke with treachery and massacre. The war which followed was bequeathed by Jackson to Van Buren after it had lasted some eighteen months. He sent fresh men and supplies into Florida; General Jessup conquered the Seminoles in open fight; but dispersing in small parties, and favored by the

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climate and impenetrable swamps to which they were accustomed, they became a formidable banditti to all white settlers of the region about Florida and southern Georgia. Large appropriations were made for this war by the late Congress; but the enemy could not be crushed out.

"For this costly and cruel war, in which bloodhounds were once used, Van Buren was loaded with obloquy, just as he was called a British tool for checking the American raids into Canada. Black Hawk's tour and the pathetic tale of the Cherokees had excited in the North a sentimental pity for the Indian race, strongest, like that for the negro, in States unembarrassed by high neighborhood. This same sentiment exalted Osceola, the Seminole chief, like Black Hawk, into a patriot hero, bloodthirsty and perfidious though he certainly was. Armed occupation of the soil by white settlers, a policy advised by Secretary Cass and army officers of experience, took at last the place of troops and military campaigns, and brought this prolonged struggle to the usual close, every Indian war ending sooner or later in the red man's subjugation.

THE "TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO" CAMPAIGN

(1840)

BY HORACE GREELEY¹

New York, which gave Mr. Van Buren the largest majority of any State in 1836, had been held against him throughout his administration, tho she was his own State, and he had therein a powerful body of devoted, personal adherents, led by such men of eminent ability as Silas Wright, William L. Marcy, and Edwin Croswell.² She had been so neld by the talent, exertion, and vigilance of men equally able and determined, among whom Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward (now Governor), John C. Spencer, and Willis Hall were conspicuous. But our majority of 15,000 in 1837 had fallen to 10,000 in 1838, and to 5,000 in 1839, despite our best efforts; Governor Seward's school recommendations and dispensation of State patronage had made him many enemies; and the friends of Mr. Van Buren counted, with reason, on carrying the State for his reelection, and against that of Governor Seward, in the impending struggle of 1840. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee, and all the Northwest, had been carried against the Whigs in

¹ From Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life."

² These men, with Van Buren and others, composed what was known as the Albany Regency, which controlled the machinery of the Democratic party in New York from about 1820 to 1854.

the most recent contests; Mr. Van Buren's star was clearly in the ascendant at the South; while New England and New Jersey were nicely balanced—Massachusetts, as well as Maine and New Hampshire, having chosen a Democratic Governor (Marcus Morton) in 1839.

Mr. Van Buren's administration, tho at first condemned, was now sustained by a popular majority: New York alone—his own State—stood forth the flagship of the opposition. Both parties were silently preparing to put forth their very best efforts in the Presidential contest in prospect; but fully two-thirds of the States, choosing about that proportion of the electors, were now ranged on the Democratic side—many of them by impregnable majorities—while scarcely one State was unquestionably Whig. Mr. Van Buren, when first overwhelmed by the popular surge that followed close upon the collapse of the pet bank system, had calmly and with dignity appealed to the people's "sober second thought"; and it now seemed morally certain that he would be triumphantly re-elected.

Such were the auspices under which the first Whig National Convention (the second National Convention ever held by any party—that held in 1840 by the Democrats at Baltimore, which nominated Van Buren and Johnson, having been the first) assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., early in December, 1839. Of its doings I was a deeply interested observer. The States were nearly all represented, tho in South Carolina there were no Whigs but a handful; even the name was unknown in Tennessee, and the party was feeble in several other States. But the delegations convened in-

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cluded many names widely and favorably known—including two ex-Governors of Virginia (James Barbour and John Tyler), one of Kentucky (Thomas Metcalf), one of Ohio (Joseph Vance), and at least one from several other States. I recollect at least two ex-Governors of Pennsylvania (John Andrew Shultze and Joseph Ritner) as actively counseling and sympathizing with the delegates.

The sittings of the convention were protracted through three or four days, during which several ballots for President were taken. There was a plurality, tho not a majority, in favor of nominating Mr. Clay; but it was in good part composed of delegates from States which could not rationally be expected to vote for any Whig candidate. On the other hand, the delegates from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana said, "We can carry our States for General Harrison, but not for Mr. Clay." New York and New Jersey cast their earlier votes for General Scott, but stood ready to unite on General Harrison whenever it should be clear that he could be nominated and elected; and they ultimately did so. The delegates from Maine and Massachusetts contributed powerfully to secure General Harrison's ultimate nomination. Each delegation cast its vote through a committee, and the votes were added up by a general committee, which reported no names and no figures, but simply that no choice had been effected; until at length the Scott votes were all cast for Harrison, and his nomination thus effected; when the result was proclaimed.

Governor Seward, who was in Albany (there were no telegraphs in those days), and Mr. Weed, who was present, and very influential in producing

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the result, were strongly blamed by the ardent, uncalculating supporters of Mr. Clay, as having cheated him out of the nomination—I could never see with what reason. They judged that he could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly. If politics do not meditate the achievement of beneficent ends through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend them.

Mr. John Tyler, with many or quite all his fellow delegates from Virginia, was for Clay first, last, and all the time; for him whether he could be elected or not. When it was announced that Mr. Clay was defeated, he cried (so it was reported); and that report (I think) gave him the nomination for Vice-President without a contest. It was an attempt of the triumphant Harrisonites to heal the wounds of Mr. Clay's devoted friends. Yet the nomination was, for several reasons, a strong one.

Mr. Tyler, tho a Jackson man, had received, in 1828, the votes for United States Senator of the Adams men in the Virginia Legislature, and been thereby elected over John Randolph. When Jackson removed the deposits from the United States Bank, he united with the Whigs in publicly condemning the act; and, having been superseded therefor, he was thereafter regarded as a Whig. He had voted alone in the Senate of 1832-33 against the Force bill, which provided for the collection of the Federal revenue in South Carolina in defiance of the nullifying ordinance of her convention. He had run for Vice-President on the White ticket in 1836, and so had acquired a hold on the Southern opponents of Van Buren, which soon brought them all heartily into the support of

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the Harrisburg ticket. In short, the convention made the strongest possible ticket, so far as success was regarded; and the Democrats in attendance all felt, tho they did not confess it. Everyone who had eyes could see that they desired and worked for the nomination of Mr. Clay. One of them, after the ticket was made, offered to bet that it would not be elected; but, his offer being promptly accepted, and he requested to name the amount, he hauled off. In short, we left Harrisburg with that confidence of success which goes far to secure its own justification; and we were greeted on our way home as tho the battle were already won.

But it was well understood that the struggle would be desperate, especially in our State, and preparations were soon in progress to render it effective. Our adversaries now helped us to our most effective weapons. They at once commenced assailing General Harrison as an imbecile, dotard, granny, etc., who had seen no real fighting, but had achieved a good deal of tall running from the enemy; and one militia general, Crary, who represented Michigan in the House, having made a speech in this vein, provoked a response from Hon. Tom Corwin of Ohio, which for wit, humor, and withering yet good-natured sarcasm has rarely, if ever, been excelled. The triumph was overwhelming; and, when the venerable and grave John Quincy Adams, in a few casual remarks next morning, spoke carelessly of "the late General Crary," a spontaneous roar attested the felicity of the allusion.

General Harrison had lived many years after his removal to Ohio in a log house, and had been a poor man most of his life, as he still was. A Dem-

ocratic journalist, scoffing at the idea of electing such a man to the Presidency, smartly observed, in substance, "Give him a log cabin and a barrel of hard cider, and he will stay content in Ohio, not aspiring to the Presidency." The taunt was immediately caught up by the Whigs: "log-cabins" and "hard cider" became watchwords of the canvass; and every hour the excitement and enthusiasm swelled higher and higher.

But the Democratic party claimed an unbroken series of triumphs in every Presidential election which it did not throw away by its own dissensions; and, being now united, regarded its success as inevitable. "You Whigs," said Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, one of its most effective canvassers, "achieve great victories every day in the year but one—that is the day of election." It was certain that a party which had enjoyed the ever-increasing patronage of the Federal Government for the preceding twelve years, which wielded that of most of the States also, and which was still backed by the popularity and active sympathy of General Jackson, was not to be expelled from power without the most resolute, persistent, systematic exertions. Hence, it was determined in the councils of our friends at Albany that a new campaign paper should be issued, to be entitled *The Log-Cabin*; and I was chosen to conduct it. No contributions were made or sought in its behalf. I was to publish as well as edit it; it was to be a folio of good size; and it was decided that fifteen copies should be sent for the full term of six months (from May 1 to November 1) for \$5.

I had just secured a new partner (my fifth or sixth) of considerable business capacity, when this

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campaign sheet was undertaken; and the immediate influx of subscriptions frightened and repelled him. He insisted that the price was ruinous—that the paper could not be afforded for so little—that we should inevitably be bankrupted by its enormous circulation—and all my expostulations and entreaties were unavailing against his fixt resolve to get out of the concern at once. I therefore dissolved and settled with him, and was left alone to edit and publish both *The New-Yorker* and *The Log-Cabin*, as I had in 1838 edited, but not published, *The New-Yorker* and *The Jeffersonian*. Having neither steam presses nor facilities for mailing, I was obliged to hire everything done but the head-work, which involved heavier outlays than I ought to have had to meet. I tried to make *The Log-Cabin* as effective as I could, with wood engravings of General Harrison's battle-scenes, music, etc., and to render it a model of its kind; but the times were so changed that it was more lively and less sedately augmentative than *The Jeffersonian*.

Its circulation was entirely beyond precedent. I fixt the edition of No. 1 at 30,000; but before the close of the week I was obliged to print 10,000 more; and even this was too few. The weekly issues ran rapidly up to 80,000, and might have been increased, had I possest ample facilities for printing and mailing, to 100,000. With the machinery of distribution by news companies, expresses, etc., now existing, I guess that it might have been swelled to a quarter of a million. And, tho I made very little money by it, I gave every subscriber an extra number containing the results of the election. After that, I continued the paper for a full year longer; having a circulation for it

of 10,000 copies, which about paid the cost, counting my work as editor nothing.³

The Log-Cabin was but an incident, a feature of the canvass. Briefly, we Whigs took the lead, and kept it throughout. Our opponents struggled manfully, desperately; but wind and tide were against them. They had campaign and other papers, good speakers, and large meetings; but we were far ahead of them in singing, and in electioneering emblems and mottoes which appealed to popular sympathies. The elections held next after the Harrisburg nominations were local, but they all went our way; and the State contests, which soon followed, amply confirmed their indications. In September, Maine held her State election, and chose the Whig candidate for Governor (Edward Kent) by a small majority, but on a very full vote. The Democrats did not concede his election till after the vote for President, in November. Pennsylvania, in October, gave a small Democratic majority; but we insisted that it could be overcome when we came to vote for Harrison, and it was. In October, Ohio, Indiana, and Georgia all gave decisive Harrison majorities, rendering the great result morally certain. Yet, when the Presidential electors chosen were fully ascertained, even the most sanguine among us were astounded by the completeness of our triumph. We had given General Harrison the electoral votes of all but the seven States of New Hampshire, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas—sixty in all—while our candidate had 234; making his the heaviest majority by which any President had ever been

³ In the following year Greeley founded the *New York Tribune*.

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chosen. New York, where each party had done its best, had been carried for him by 13,290 majority; but Governor Seward had been reelected by only 5,315. With any other candidate for President, he could scarcely have escaped defeat.

I judge that there were not many who had done more effective work in the canvass than I had; but I doubt that General Harrison ever heard my name. I never visited nor wrote him; I was not of the throng that surrounded him on reaching Washington—in fact, I did not visit that city, in 1841, until after his most untimely death. I received the news of that calamity on landing one morning from an Albany steamboat; and I mournfully realized, on the instant, that it was no common disaster, but far-reaching in its malign influence. General Harrison was never a great man, but he had good sense, was moderate in his views, and tolerant of adverse convictions; he truly loved and aspired to serve his country, and was at the summit of a broadly based and substantial popularity which, had he lived out his term, would have averted many impending evils. Our country, in my view, had lost many abler men, but none that she could so ill spare since Washington. He was President for one short month; and then the hopes born of his election were suddenly buried in his grave.

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